Don't Wait for the Next Raid.—See page ii of cover.

196125

JOHN BULL

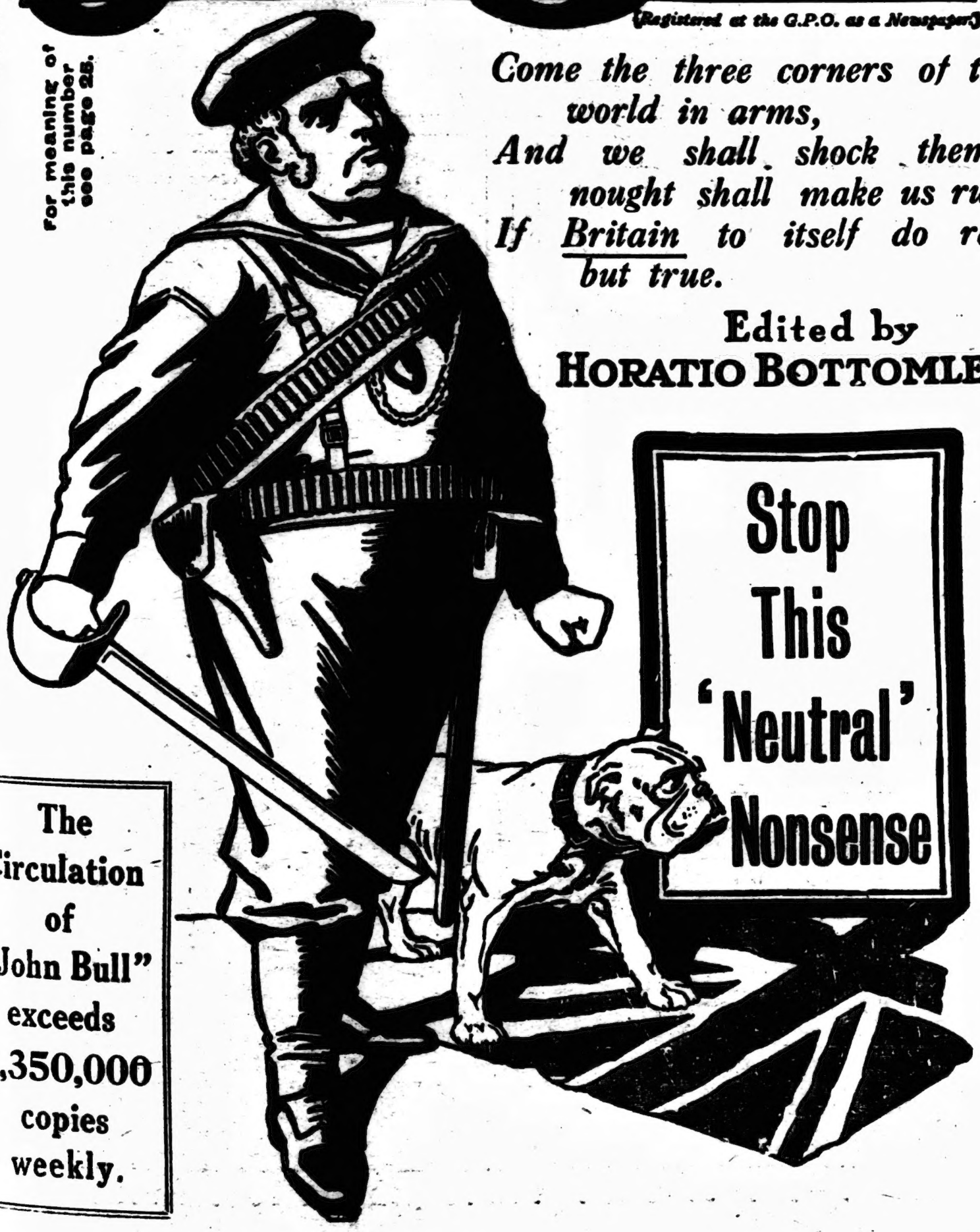
Vol. XIX. No. 505 | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916. | ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of any charge whatever, an insurance* which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policy issued by Insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE. Readers to whom this course is inconvenient may, however, obtain all the advantages of the scheme by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out—which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... **£100**

Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Feb. 5, 1916.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

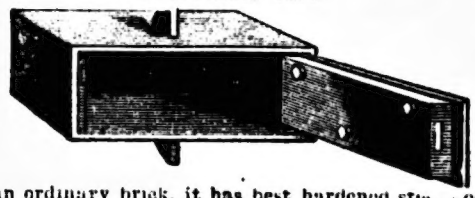
Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....
Feb. 5, 1916.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE

Your Notes, Cash, War Vouchers, Jewellery, and other Valuables, In a BRICK SAFE let into your Wall, where it cannot be detected. Far safer than a till, box, stocking or ordinary safe.



The size of an ordinary brick, it has best hardened steel door with good six lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. Quite easy to fit it in yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour.

The ideal Safe for Homes, Hotels, Apartment Houses, Shops, etc. Made in two sizes—9 inches wide **25s.**, 13 inches wide **30s.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent carriage paid on receipt of cash. Owing to irregularity of bricks, lugs only supplied when specially ordered. Special Cement for fixing one safe **1s.** extra. Order to-day before you suffer loss, or send for list with full particulars and name of nearest Agent to Sole Makers,

BRICK SAFE CO., MORVILLE ST., LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.

Everyman's Handkerchief.

Soldiers & Sailors

will appreciate and find the

'EUCORAH' Handkerchief

ideal for their purposes. Many thousands have been sold to both branches of the service, and have given universal satisfaction. Its chief qualities consist of attractive patterns, soft silky finish, and durability.

See the name ticket on the genuine "Eucorah."

If your Hosier or Outfitter does not stock and you will send us a post card with his name and address we will arrange for him to supply you.

"Eucorah," St. James' Buildings, Oxford St., Manchester.

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Silver Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Lawn Mowers, etc. J. G. GRAVES, SHEFFIELD.

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

COCHRANES
OF MANCHESTER.

Show you how to start a business of your own and make money selling Remnants, Drapery, Handkerchiefs, Ready-mades etc. Write for Catalogue which tells you all about it.

COCHRANES WAREHOUSE, 8 Victoria Bridge Manchester.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

This Will Help You With Your Baby.

These two ripping fellows are the sons of Jock Whiteford, the well-known Scottish comedian. Mrs. Whiteford tells us that they owe their splendid physique, active quick intelligence, and sturdy good health to Glaxo. Charles Wilson is 8 months old. Isn't he a bonnie specimen of a baby? Wee Jock is three. He looks much older, he is so well developed and forward for his age. That is what Glaxo does for a baby.

Glaxo can be given to baby in conjunction with breast milk—or as a sole food from birth. On the other hand, should a mother find her own milk insufficient in quantity or quality she can take Glaxo herself, and in this way do her best to increase and enrich her own milk, so that baby can have all the breast milk possible.

Glaxo is building strong, rosy babies the world over—babies such as you see here. Because Glaxo is milk and nothing but milk with all its sweetness and purity permanently fixed and retained at the source of supply by the Glaxo Process, which also causes the nourishing milk curd to form into tiny little particles, which do not cause vomiting, indigestion, or flatulence. There's no waste in Glaxo. Every drop consumed goes to build solid flesh, strong bone, firm muscles, teeth of good quality enamel, and a sound disease-resisting constitution.

Because Glaxo can be given in conjunction or alternately with breast milk, because it is a complete food for a young baby deprived of its natural nourishment, and because it is nothing but the solids of pure milk, made easily digestible and germ-free by the Glaxo Process, it has for more than six years been persistently purchased by Infant Milk Depots, Schools for Mothers, and Municipal Authorities throughout the United Kingdom—one Municipal Authority alone having purchased over 100,000 lbs. during this period. Does this not convince you that Glaxo can serve a useful purpose when baby cannot receive the natural food? Give your Baby Glaxo, and start him in life with a foundation of radiant good health. The Glaxo Baby Book will help you towards this end. It is full of information and hints on how to rear a healthy, happy baby. The story is told in a simple and clear manner that is helpful to every mother. Send a coupon (see below) for your copy to-day.

Glaxo

By Appointment to the Courts of Italy and Spain. Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Ask your Doctor!

1s., 2s., 5s. Tins of all Chemists and Stores.

A Nurse writes:—"Are Glaxo Teats made to last for ever? You will remember in September, 1914, I bought one dozen teats, and also one dozen valves; I gave one to a friend, and here it is after four months' hard wear, and with such a greasy food as Glaxo. This is a clear test, for we know that grease perishes rubber. This Teat was the only one used—not two, only one for four months."

If your chemist cannot supply you, send his name and P.O. direct to GLAXO, 45R, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Glaxo Feeder

Glaxo Feeder complete in box, with teat and valve, 1s. Spare bottles 7d. each; teats 3d. each; valves 2d. each.

Glaxo for Adults

FOR BUILDING UP STRENGTH.—A course of Glaxo will be found superior to the ordinary milk diet, because while Glaxo possesses all the recognised advantages of milk as a food for invalids, it has the additional advantages of absolute purity, adaptability, and easy digestion. Glaxo can be taken in its dry form, or with the addition of boiling water as a thick cream, or liquid hot milk.

GLAXO FOR COOKING.—Glaxo is milk in its purest form, with the disease-carrier, water, driven off, and with all the milk-borne dangers eliminated. It is enriched with extra cream and milk sugar, and is the ideal milk for cooking purposes, making rich, nourishing and palatable dishes. With a tin of Glaxo at hand you are independent of the milkman's rounds, and you have always a supply of richest, sweetest and purest milk for all purposes. Glaxo is prepared by simply mixing it with boiling water, there is nothing to add to it to form a nourishing, nutritious, healthful diet.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To GLAXO, 45R, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 96-page GLAXO BABY BOOK, offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Chemist's Name .....

Address .....

.....

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book.

"JOHN BULL," 5.2.16. 10020.

Proprietors: Joseph Nathan & Co., Ltd., London, and Wellington, N.Z.

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

Subscribed Capital, £22,947,804. Paid-up Capital, £4,780,792 10s. Reserve Fund, £4,000,000.

DIRECTORS:

Sir EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Bart., Chairman and Managing Director. WILLIAM GRAHAM BRADSHAW, Esq., London, Deputy-Chairman.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD AIREDALE, Leeds.
SIR PERCY ELLY BATES, Bart., Liverpool.
ROBERT CLOVER BEAZLEY, Esq., Liverpool.
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THE RIGHT HON. SIR GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., London.
WILLIAM FITZTHOMAS WYLEY, Esq., Coventry.

HEAD OFFICE 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE, E. W. WOOLLEY. Secretary: E. J. MORRIS.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1915.

To Capital Paid up, viz.:—	£	s.	d.
£2 10s. 0d. per Share on 1,912,317 Shares of £12 each	4,780,792	10	0
,, Reserve Fund	4,000,000	0	0
,, Dividend payable on 1st February, 1916	360,352	4	8
,, Balance of Profit and Loss Account	113,597	15	2
	£9,254,742	9	10
,, Current, Deposit and other Accounts	147,750,702	0	6
,, Acceptances on account of Customers	9,157,601	11	9
	£166,163,046	2	1

By Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £7,000,000) and Cash at Bank of England	£	s.	d.
	30,881,200	14	6
,, Money at Call and at Short Notice and Stock Exchange Loans	8,651,257	17	9
,, Investments:—			
War Loans, at cost (of which £1,490,000 is lodged for Public and other Accounts) and other British Government Securities	33,946,384	8	2
Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government, India Stocks, Indian Railway Guaranteed Stocks and Debentures	481,040	5	8
British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks	2,400,295	19	9
Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds	962,062	7	6
Sundry Investments	1,039,650	15	7
,, Bills of Exchange	9,961,545	13	9
	£88,323,438	2	8
,, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts	65,921,541	11	9
,, Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra	9,157,601	11	9
,, Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches	2,760,464	15	11
	£166,163,046	2	1

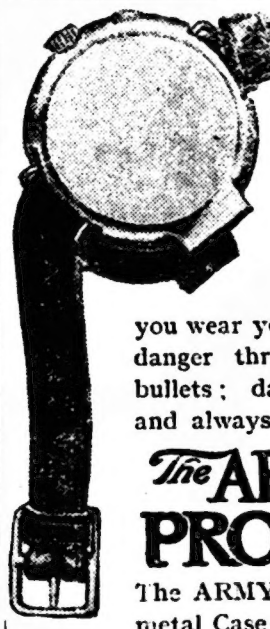
EDWARD H. HOLDEN, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR.
W. G. BRADSHAW, DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.
F. D. DOCKER,
GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON,
} DIRECTORS.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion, that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 10th *January*, 1916. WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, *Auditors.*



Wear your Wrist Watch in Safety.

Every Officer and Private needs a wrist watch to ensure accuracy in manœuvres, etc.—but there's always danger unless you wear your watch in the ARMY PROTECTOR—danger through the glint on the glass attracting bullets; danger from splinters of breaking glass; and always great danger of smashing the watch.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives perfect Safety to any wrist watch. Prevents breakage and minimises risk to the wearer.

The ARMY Wrist Watch Protector is a well-made metal Case which clasps under and over your wrist watch. A single movement opens it, and it automatically closes when released, converting the watch into a miniature Hunter. It enables your watch to be worn even without a glass.

Nickel or Khaki finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - - 2/6

Solid Silver from 6/6. Solid Gold from £3 3 0.
In all sizes to fit any watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own jeweller send stamps or postal order direct to
SALES MANAGER
Waltham Buildings,
29 Church St.
LIVERPOOL.

Riley Billiards in Thousands of Homes for a small first payment of 8/6.

GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives.

THINK of it! Just a Postal Order NOW, and years of continuous enjoyment are given your household. Healthy, happy amusement that adds an enjoyment to home life. Recreation for young or old—and Billiards is a game that's easy to learn on a Riley Miniature Table which is so perfectly proportioned and so well made that any expert player delights in making the most difficult strokes on it.

8/6 DOWN

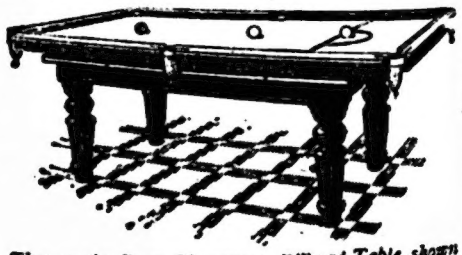
brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

6s. 6d. down—and then, whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 6 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit OVER an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Table is despatched to your door, carriage paid, within seven days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table, advise Rileys, and they will have it removed.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary table.

IN addition to the Miniature Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by monthly payments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

RILEY "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months. Cash prices are from £13 10s. 0 £18.

FREE. On receipt of a postcard full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and full or small sized Tables or Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, Accrington.

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 505. Week ending Saturday, February 5th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Watch—America!

We once said "Watch Russia." Now we change the venue. But this week we, advisedly, say no more.

A Political Surprise.

Look out for a surprise—not altogether unconnected with the War Office.

Leicester.

We have recently paid a visit to Leicester, where we addressed a magnificent meeting, and had a grand and rousing reception. So far as this particular constituency is concerned, Ramsay may take it from us that his number is up.

The Eccentrics.

And the other night we were the guest of the Eccentric Club—now housed in the magnificent premises of old Dieudonné's, in Ryder Street, St. James's. Bohemian, hospitable, sporty—dramatic, musical, literary, and boasting the finest of cellars and *cuisines*, it is an ideal Home of Rest for the weary and worried Londoner.

Firmness Wanted.

Now that the Government have done as we advised, and removed all suspicion that the Compulsion Act would be used to coerce Labour, there is no ground for workers' agitations. Any threat of a strike should be dealt with as an act of mutiny.

Judicial Changes.

At least two Judges are about to resign—and Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C., had better get busy clearing up his Bar work. But *one* new Judge will be quite enough till after the war.

Mile End.

Elsewhere we have pointed out the "Moral of Mile End." It should be plain to all the world. The Party system of Government has gone to pot, and after the war—when the old fights are revived—the Business candidates will "scoop the pool." The nominee of *all* the Parties polled less than half of the Party vote, and the Business man got nearly the remaining half. Hence, when, at the next election, Mr. Warwick Brookes and Mr. Straus engage in the old sham battle, they will have only 2,000 votes between them; whilst Mr. Pemberton Billing—unless already in the House for another seat—will have nearly 2,000 all to himself. See?

The Fokkers.

More than a year ago the Secret Service warned the Government of the coming German aeroplane. And only now are they beginning to wake up.

One Just Man.

At least one M.P. is not open to the reproach of receiving both Parliamentary and Army salaries. Captain Douglas Hall is, we understand, taking only his pay as a Captain.

The "Ginger" Group.

Those Radicals who have joined together to put "ginger" into the Government are described as the "Ginger" group. The fact that the hair of our once pertinacious friend, Handel Booth, is of the Rufus hue adds colour to the description. Nothing like ginger for pluck!

Looting at Ypres.

The public ought to be told the results of the Admiralty inquiry into the charge made against certain members of the Naval Air Service of looting at Ypres. One officer has been dismissed. Why should his name be concealed?

Coalition Coldness.

A rather chilly cheer greeted Warwick Brookes when he took his seat for Mile End. The truth is, there is very little real enthusiasm for Coalition in the House of Commons.

Coming Round.

Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the Mile End election: "Ministers would not be well-advised to dismiss the incident of the election as something closed and done for. The 'Independent' came within 400 votes of winning the seat in a contest entirely 'off his own bat' . . . The fact shows that conventional labels in politics have lost much of their virtue, and that the electorate are beginning to feel and think under new inspirations, entirely unconnected with the ties and traditions of the past." All of which is true.

The Writing on the Wall.

And the *Globe:* "The result affords grounds for serious reflection, and many people will naturally read it as a portent and a presage. Both the great parties in the State combined to secure Mr. Brookes' return. He had behind him all the Brass Hats and Mandarins of political life . . . the whole power of the Party machine was exerted on his behalf. Yet his opponent managed to secure 1,615 votes as against 1,991 . . . . Considering all the circumstances the majority was relatively small." It will be much smaller next time!

The wise man is the safe man. **Be wise. See page ii of cover.**

Rent and the Ranks.

We are all for compelling men to the ranks, but what about the rent? The country can't have it both ways—neither can the landlords.

Tommy's House.

Then some of the Building Societies are threatening to call up their loans unless their khaki customers pay more interest. This is monstrous. A man who has acquired his house on the Building Society system must not lose it through fighting for his country.

"If You See It——"

Yes, it looks well. Lord Beresford of Metemmeh, as we suggested three weeks ago, has been chosen by "Charlie" Beresford for his style and title.

Hyde—and Seek.

Francis Neilson, M.P. for Hyde, has been saying things in America he would not dare to say here. Surely it is time his constituents kicked him out.

The De-Press Bureau.

While the French Press Bureau is composed entirely of officers who have been wounded, ours is made up of journalistic "dug-outs," and Navy and Army duds. It is time there was a clean sweep.

"G. R."

It is also time the Government dealt fairly with the Volunteers. They want to get something more in the way of "Government Recognition" than is meant by the letters on their armlets; and they deserve it, too.

Wound Gratuities.

It is not at all generally known that every officer, whether of the Regular Army or the Territorials, is entitled to a wound gratuity if he has been incapacitated for three months. He should write to the Secretary of the War Office, marking the envelope F3.

When the Zepps. Come.

General Smith-Dorrien has a high opinion of the "G. R.s." When the Zepps. come and the German aeroplanes raid the air, the Volunteers could do great work in many ways. If we can't stop the raiders in the air, we must keep order below and prevent panic.

That "Swarm of Hornets."

After that Sunday raid at Dover quite a number of our aeroplanes, *between* 80 *and* 100 *miles away*, started in pursuit. And yet Mile End chose a Director of the Junior Army and Navy Stores in preference to Pemberton-Billing!

Unthinkable.

It is shameful to read of a wounded soldier being in the Workhouse at Frome. The man had been nine months at the front, came home wounded, was discharged from a military hospital at Brighton—and admitted to Frome Workhouse. He was then "out of health," but has much improved since his admission. Let us do Frome Guardians the justice of recording that, directly the facts were made known to them, they unanimously decided to inquire fully into the matter. We trust this means that by now the man is out of the House. The nation must not let its heroes change from khaki into a pauper's corduroy. The Workhouse uniform is not for them.

Markham's Plaint.

Our sympathies are with Sir A. Markham, M.P. Not only is he ill, but a Mr. Adolph Carl Christian Schultz has changed his name to A. Markham.

Pay Up.

We hear of a young soldier just back from Gallipoli whose pay is months overdue. All he received for a fortnight's visit to England and home was £2. This is not an isolated case.

Walton and Wales.

Llandudno is troubled over Sunday golf. Why not ask Mr. Lloyd George to have a word with the objecting Free Churches? What is allowed at Walton should not be stopped in Wales.

No Army Paper.

What is the use of keeping in the Army thousands of men who are physically unfit for active service and at the same time "starring" thousands who would make good soldiers?

Press not Pressed.

Our statement is confirmed. Editors and leader writers are "starred" men. Why? We know of young chaps on newspapers who are strong and capable for war, and who never would be missed in Fleet Street or the Strand—or anywhere else!

Brains, not Bribes.

We have contradicted the silly story that the Turks were bribed to let us off cheaply in our retirement from Gallipoli. The admissions of the enemy are now being printed. They recognise the magnitude of the bluff practised by the few capable generals we have left in the Army. We repeat, it was brains, not bribes, that did the trick.

Tea for Teutons?

Maybe Germany would like a cup of tea; just as a refresher. Anyway, Denmark is out to deplete our market. A Copenhagen trader, F. A. Rich, writes: "Being interested in all kinds of Tea, I would be pleased to receive your lowest quotations and samples for great quantities." The letter was addressed to a provincial firm who know nothing whatever of the writer, and cannot think why they should be singled out for such an attention. Being good citizens, and not caring to rely on the "guarantee that the goods are not destined to any country at war with Great Britain," they have not responded to the invitation. Why should Denmark so suddenly desire "great quantities" of tea from perfect strangers?

Pawn and "Drink Checks."

As many of our readers will be aware, men in large works, such as munitions factories, are usually paid on Friday afternoons. As it is impossible, under the new Restriction Order, for many of them to procure spirits until the Monday, the custom has grown up in Glasgow—and probably elsewhere—of purchasing a fairly large stock on the earliest available day of the week, pawning it for a small sum, and "redeeming" it on the Saturday so as to allow of a convivial Sunday. We wish the authorities would learn the lesson which is so palpable to the ordinary common-sense man—that it is impossible to alter the habits of the people, and that attempts at tinkering with them do nothing but harm.

Sign coupon on page ii of cover with a "John Bull" Pen.

Profits from the Dead.

It is not sweet to hear of a newspaper-cutting agency endeavouring to make a few shillings out of dead heroes. A father, who had lost a son, received a letter from one of these concerns offering "a most interesting collection of tributes to him." The price was 4s., and that sum was paid for a stale and useless assortment of cuttings, based upon a bare statement of facts supplied to a newspaper representative by the father himself. It was accompanied by the cool offer to "put them in an album for 15s." Our indignant correspondent concluded that he could put them in the fire—for nothing, and he rightly protests against a trading scheme as unsatisfactory as it is irreverent.

The Medicine Bottle.

At a Westminster inquest a doctor admitted that, after a child's death, he took away the medicine bottle because bottles are so scarce. We know nothing of this particular case, we do not know even the doctor's name, so our remarks are not to be taken as in any way applicable to the present instance; but we do say that, if doctors made it a practice to take away their medicine bottles after a patient's death, it would open a way for much mischief. Even doctors make mistakes sometimes, and they must not get into the habit of removing all trace of evidence. Bottles, like other things, are dearer nowadays, but are not yet dear enough to render it necessary for every medical man to become his own "tot"-gatherer.

The Jonah Car.

When a gallant fighting man wrote from France to the Editor of the *St. Austell Guardian*, objecting to a Ford advertisement in that journal, the Editor replied that he did not agree with the papers who refused such advertisements, and stated that in his opinion "the very attitude itself has given the Ford car a far better advertisement than if no notice had been taken." It is a bad argument; if there had been no public outcry, Ford's progress would still be unquestioned. It may be taken as quite certain that his trade is less, and that he feels a decided draught. The public is dead against his cars, and the Army also speaks with a voice that will be heard. Therefore we are sorry, and surprised, to hear of the Birmingham Council buying two or three of the discredited vehicles.

Medicine Strictly Prohibited.

Mr. G. A. Tolton, of 42, Wingate Road, Hammersmith, W., has this to say concerning a Shepherd's Bush hotel: "Over a month ago my mother entered the establishment for the purpose of obtaining a supply of brandy for her sick brother, at the same time producing a medical certificate signed by a local practitioner fully in accordance with the new regulation. The Manager would not even examine the certificate, nor supply the article in question. . . . My mother obtained the brandy at a neighbouring house without any trouble. On three occasions I have written courteous letters—copies of which I have—asking for an explanation of such conduct, and for reasons why the brandy was not supplied, and I received one note in reply, dated December 11th last, to the effect that the matter would receive attention. I have heard nothing since. To add to the seriousness of the case, the patient passed away a day or two after the date of refusal to supply the article in question." The complaint is one of wide importance not only to the public but to publicans, and the proprietors of the hotel may like an opportunity of explaining their position.

Thou Shalt Not Treat!

Now we know why the Control Board are threatening Bonnie Scotland with total prohibition; two workmen—William Murdoch and John M'Innes—have been fined £2 each at Glasgow because "the former gave a latter a halfpenny to purchase a schooner of beer," thus infringing the Liquor Control Regulations. If any such heinous occurrence is repeated, Scotland may fear the worst.

Plea of Some Poor Souls.

Wickedness is done in the sacred name of economy when the National Health Insurance Committee pay their office cleaners, at Buckingham Gate, the beggarly wage of 13s. 9d. a week. They are only humble, lowly workers, these poor cleaners, but they are bound to be honest and respectable, and most of them are widows, and some have children to bring up. Seven months ago these toiling women presented a petition, soliciting some increase; it has at last been returned, with a refusal to grant even one shilling more. They hear of other servants receiving a war bonus, and they know by bitter experience that £1 is only equal to 14s. now in the purchasing market. And then they count their own miserable pittance, and go a-hungered. Gentlemen of the Committee, your heed, please, to this prayer of theirs! And your pity.

Our Foe's Financial Failure.

The speech of Sir Edward Holden at the London City and Midland Bank meeting was a smashing reply to the German financiers. After pointing out that a year ago he foretold that the mark would be "squeezed until it shrieked," Sir Edward gave convincing proof that that process had, in the interim, progressed so far that there is not even a murmur left in it. Although German money does not now "talk," its administrators have been making up for the deficiency, but we fancy that Dr. Helfferich will find some difficulty in answering Sir Edward's plain questions as to whether the credit balances abroad which Germany possessed at the outbreak of war are now in existence, and whether the foreign securities owned by her people have not nearly all been sold. Another significant point was the suggestion that, although Germany had to pay gold for her huge purchases of wheat from Roumania, no trace of this depletion was to be found in the Reichsbank statement. Sir Edward is to be congratulated upon his masterly exposition of the failure of our foes in the vital matter of finance.

Franz Harristein.

An Edinburgh ratepayer asks us whether we have half-an-inch of space to spare to inquire why, in the sacred name of Scotland, the Public Library Committee of Edinburgh are polluting the library shelves with the pro-Germhun books of that British renegade claiming to be an American citizen, Frank Harris—a creature whose vituperations against Britain since he left the country for the country's good have kept the pro-Germhun presses of America hot with foulness. There is hardly a single British public man or public institution which Harris does not in turn attack with viperous poison and vitriolic lying. The creature bites the hand which has fed him for years, with the virulence of a rabid dog. He has damned our nation, our people, our Army, our Navy, and everything which stands for Britain and the British citizen, with the spirit of a Pontius Pilate, and sold us to his Germhun and pro-Germhun employers for the infamous pay of a Judas Iscariot or a Trebitch Lincoln.

"Everywoman's" will be the title in future of "Everywoman's Weekly."

Constable Critic.

Sheffield may rest assured that its morals are safe so far as the cinema is concerned. Any undermining attack on its virtues by the picture palaces is prevented by the presence and perspicacity of a pure-minded policeman. We believe all pictures are duly censored in London before they are released, but this official precaution is not enough for the Blades. Sheffield relies, in preference, on the criticisms of its coppers. It is the Chairman of the Watch Committee who says so: "All the picture houses are visited and supervised; each set of pictures was seen by a constable when first shown." It makes an inspiring theme—the Sheffield constable, stern and unbending, grimly doing his bounden duty, casting up the *pros* and *cons* whether "Three Weeks" is only near the knuckle, or bang into the bone! But if the City of Scissors cares to regulate its morality—to decide what is "'ot" and what is merely "tasty"—according to the verdict of its policemen, it is not for us to complain.

Peeping Polls.

A pretty maid of Wimbledon went a-walking on the Common. It was early evening, just pleasantly darkish, and a young man strolled by her side, even as young men are apt to stroll by the side of young maidens. Presently they sat them down upon a seat, provided by a thoughtful Council for the purpose of being sat upon, and there they engaged in a quiet, affable chat, as young folk do on such occasions and in such circumstances. Suddenly, and without warning, the peace was broken and the evening shadows shattered, by a fierce glare of light. The rays of an electric torch had been switched on to their startled faces, and in front of them, sternly silent, stood two policewomen. When the gentleman inquired what was wanted, one police lady answered, "I only ask you to sit up straight." The young lady concerned feels insulted, and we think it is rude and impertinent of those peeping policewomen to hop about and make sudden searches in the hope of discovering impropriety. It is enough to make the victim sit straight—and talk straight also.

A Paignton Raffle.

Police Superintendent Crooke, of Paignton, seems to be a man of petty mind and fussy disposition. For no other reason, admittedly, than to make a case, he acted on "information received," and on Christmas Eve sent two detectives into the "Ship Inn" in the little village of Marldon. There the detectives found present ten or a dozen men engaged in a raffle for two fowls bought by themselves. In common with the others the detectives bought a threepenny chance in the birds, saw the draw concluded, and then, having announced that they were police officers, vanished to report the horror of the scene to the Superintendent, who summoned the landlady for promoting a lottery. "I am relying on the decision in Hardiwick *v.* Lane," he told the Paignton Justices with that assurance which only a glorified policeman in a remote hamlet can assume with perfect pose in a Magistrates' Court. Judging by their decision, the Magistrates are men of common-sense—for they decided that Hardwick *v.* Lane no more applied to the evidence in the case than it applied to Goodwin Sands or Tenterden steeple. If Superintendent Crooke and his two detectives have nothing better to do next Christmas Eve than make fools of themselves over such a case as this, they will be well advised to stay at home and consume giblet pie in company with the missus.

Aid for Serbia.

The Serbian Legation in London asks us to say that donations for the Serbian Relief Fund, of which H.M. the Queen is Patroness, may be sent to the Earl of Desart, K.C.B., at 5, Cromwell Road, South Kensington. At 195, Queen's Gate, S.W., the Legation will receive donations for the Archbishop of Belgrade's Fund for the families of killed and wounded soldiers, the Society of the Serbian Red Cross, the Parliamentary Commission for the Refugees, and the Society of St. Helena for orphans whose parents have been killed in the war.

Fortunes and their Makers.

The man who acquires a fortune too often forgets the servants who make it for him. The wealth of the one is terribly disproportionate to the wages of the others. The *Miller*, a journal of the flour trade, announces that a certain miller, recently deceased, has left the considerable sum of £107,023 behind him. He was but one partner in the firm; and he was only in middle-age when he died, having amassed that fortune. And in the next column of the same journal is the announcement, inserted by an unnamed advertiser: "Clerk wanted, one who is used to Miller's office, and work in mill when required." He would not be able to waste any time, you see, but must work a kind of double shift. And he is offered a "weekly wage, 21s." He will be poor enough, poor devil, but, doubtless, his employer will wax rich.

In Van Dyke Colours.

According to the *Universe*, Catherine Van Dyke, a young American journalist, contributes to the *Ladies' Home Journal* a sketch, extending to several columns, entitled, 'In the Land of Michael O'Leary, V.C.'" It describes a visit to the hero's "humble home" in Macroom, Co. Cork, and, judging from some extracts, insists rather too urgently on the humbleness of the cottage and its inhabitants. And surely it is a parody of the father's sentiments when, after the visitor has remarked, "You've got a grand son," Mr. O'Leary is made to say, "We have not. I've never had a day o' peace in this house since that b'y took to earnin' medals. I'd as soon he'd been on the enemy's side and not earnin' so many medals." This would be in bad taste even if intended for a joke, but it is offered as a serious "interview" by an American lady, and we do not wonder that Irish people dislike it.

Coney Catchers.

More light is thrown on the swindling advertisements, perpetually appearing in certain newspapers, wherein so-called "ladies" offer their "valuable furs" at an alarming sacrifice. Under the heading, "Baits for Bargain-Hunters," we detailed one of these marauding tricks, wherein certain fur was described as "Musquash Seal Coney." There is, we are informed by an expert, no such fur, and the name was evidently intended to lead a purchaser to think the coat was Seal Musquash, a good and fairly valuable fur, for which £5 10s. would be a ridiculously low price. The coat was probably a low quality of Coney Seal, which is a trade term for rabbit-skin, prepared to look like seal. Other "horrible disclosures" instance Black Hare advertised as Black Fox, and Goat as Bear, and our expert friend says a lady showed him a Black Hare set purchased as a bargain because it was said to be Black Fox. She paid three guineas for it, and he produced a similar set which he retails at 30s. So remember—all is not fur that feels like it; some is Coney, and Coney is Rabbit!

The Game of Silence.

The Holborn Sale and Exchange has lately been qualifying for inclusion in our black books. Among other complaints against them, we have one from a reader who, at the beginning of December last, forwarded £1 4s. 10d., catalogue price, and carriage, for four dozen records. Nothing has been received in return for this outlay beyond a postcard acknowledging the order, and promising the records as soon as possible. Letters to these people have elicited no further reply, and we put it to them fairly and squarely that such methods are reprehensible. The Holborn Sale and Exchange must fill this order without more ado; or more may be a-doing.

A Germhun Rosary.

According to a Bavarian clerical paper, "the firm of M. Hartl" are manufacturing war rosaries, the beads being made to imitate shells or cartridges, while the locking arrangement is an iron cross in the form of bullets. "The rosary," says the paper, "should be in great demand on account of its original design." We have not a doubt that it will be. As a holy aid to prayer it certainly should have a big sale; and if that British-hating blatherskite, General Prince Rupprecht, is not among the first of Herr Hartl's customers, the ingenious manufacturer will have every reason to feel shocked. There is at least one Germhun prayer which ought to count well on the beads of this rosary. Think of thousands of Germhuns sitting down or walking about muttering "Hate," "hate," "hate" fifty-five times in succession, once for every bead on this rosary of cartridges and bullets and iron crosses. It ought to sustain 'em in holiness to the end of the war, at least.

"The Slander of the Slacker."

Mr. William Brace, Under-Secretary of the Home Office, has called our attention to a statement in the article, "The Slander of the Slacker," by "A Father," in a recent issue, as follows: "I know of a recent member of the Government who has two sons at least of military age, but I have not heard they are in the Army; on the contrary, I have heard that one or both of them are in some Government Office." Mr. Brace assumes that this statement refers to him and his two sons—one of them, 23, employed in the Land Valuation Department, the other, 17, a medical student. Mr. Brace explains that the son aged 23 was employed before the war in the Land Valuation Department, and "when it became clear that Department was to be reduced," went into the Board of Agriculture. Long before that he made several attempts to enlist but was rejected as medically unfit. "He has tried every means he could think of, and after repeated rejections, coupled with a notification from his Department that he must not go as he was indispensable . . . he took the extreme step of writing, without my knowledge, to the Under-Secretary for War, asking him to assist in finding some unit in which, in spite of his medical history, he could enlist. The result—he was declared unfit." We have sent on Mr. Brace's letter to "A Father," who writes: "I am the last person in the world wilfully to half-state a case with the intention of giving pain or doing injustice. You will do right to publish the substance of Mr. Brace's letter, and let the facts speak for themselves. I will only add that, even as they stand, they strikingly illustrate the curious facility with which the relatives of official politicians are able, not only to find employment in public departments, but to pass from one public department to another." And there we must leave it.

Madame the Countess.

We trust the Dublin police will make earnest endeavours to elucidate the antecedents and activities in Ireland of the Countess of Markievicz, at whose residence in Leinster Road, Rathmines, they have seized a secret printing press "which, it is alleged, was being used for printing pro-German literature." There has been quite enough and to spare of anti-British pamphleteering in the Dublin district.

Nearly Blown Up.

Pembroke Dock had a narrow escape the other night. It was a matter of luck that the whole town was not blown to smithereens skywards. And people would have whispered, "Germans!" But the offender was a British soldier, intoxicated, who got into the gasworks without knowing how, and who stopped an engine which was really the safety valve of the whole concern. Had that engine been stopped forty minutes earlier, or forty minutes later, "the works and perhaps the whole town would probably have been blown up." The people of Pembroke Dock might usefully inquire how such an important engine remained unguarded, especially as there had been trouble on several previous occasions through strange men gaining admission to the gasworks. Wiseacres often "wonder how accidents happen." The answer is, evidently, through gross negligence.

"Now then, Dr. Addison!"

Recently we asked, "Is it true that soldiers on leave—yes, and sick leave, too—are denied the service of the panel doctor, although they are forced to keep up their insurance payments?" Confirmation comes in the shape of a printed notice from a provincial Insurance Committee, addressed to "Dr. ——," and saying, "I have to inform you that the undermentioned Insured person has been removed from your list as from —— in consequence of Enlistment. . . . . No further treatment should be given to him as an Insured person." It looks like indecent and unholy haste to deprive a man of treatment he has paid for, just because he has done his duty. So carefully is the skinning done, that the Committee retains 25 per cent. of the doctor's panel money, in case it may have paid for a few weeks after enlistment. And this is done although the medical men have been asked to attend the families of enlisted men free of charge!

The Pitman's Sport.

It is generally admitted that coal is an absolute necessity to our existence. It therefore follows that men must remain in the land to fetch that coal from under the earth. These things being so, some remarks passed by Judge Bonsey at Durham County Court were, at least, uncalled for. He was trying a dispute over a matter of £3, lodged as stakes by a pitman in the matter of a whippet race. Whippet-racing is the miner's sport, but Judge Bonsey grudges them this relaxation. Although the men are exempt from service, he was sorry "they seemed to spend their time on dog-racing instead of going to the front." He was told it was the amusement of their spare time, but he considered "these men ought to be at work instead of losing time and money." He might remember that even miners cannot work for ever, and whippet-races are quite a harmless form of sport. The Judge thought it "absurd that his time should be occupied in trying such a case." It would be easy for him not to try any more if he were to make way for somebody not quite so narrow-minded.

A little black gem is the "John Bull" Pen.

STOP THIS "NEUTRAL" NONSENSE!

LET HOLLAND, NORWAY, DENMARK AND SWEDEN CHOOSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

To-day I am going to speak some plain words, and proclaim some plain truths, about this "neutral" nonsense. If Holland, Norway, Denmark and Sweden are really our friends, then a plain talk with a friend is the best way to prevent misunderstanding. On the other hand, a plain talk to an enemy is equally desirable. In a war like this—when all that means Liberty and Humanity is fighting against all that stands for the fetters of Prussian militarism, the degradation of human nature and the arrest of the progress of civilisation—those who are not for us are against us. There can be no half-measures. We have seen how Bulgaria pretended to be neutral until she believed, as from the situation in the Balkans she might be excused for believing, Germany was winning. Turkey, too, tried to keep out until the military party in Constantinople and the banners of the War Lord enticed her on to the side of the Devil and the Kaiser. And unless we wake up, we shall soon lose even the "friendly neutrality" of these other States.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR.

Do not let us forget what is at stake, what it is that we and our Allies are fighting for. I am not going to suggest that we are international philanthropists; that we are the only people in the world who, in fighting this war, want nothing for ourselves. Of course we want something. We want security against the enemy; we want to be able to continue those peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce which before the war were the occupation of the British Empire and the greater part of the civilised world. But in fighting for that security we are not fighting for ourselves alone. If we had been coward and craven enough, we might have followed the advice of those traitors in our midst who told us to stand aside and let France, Russia and Germany struggle whilst we stole their trade. Having got France to concentrate her Fleet in the Mediterranean we could, had we been false to every idea of honour and every principle of right-dealing, have left the northern shores of France open to the German fleet. But, thank God, we realised our responsibility; we were true to the unwritten pledge, and we warned Germany even before she violated the soil of Belgium and forced us to declare war, that we would not allow a single German ship to pass through the Straits of Dover. But when we came out—first with our mighty and still unconquered Fleet, and then with our Expeditionary Force—we declared not only for the Allies, but for the smaller nations of Europe. There is not a so-called neutral Power to-day who does not realise that a victory for Germany would mean in the not distant future servitude for herself. Only one nation—although for the moment I prefer to leave her out of consideration—could contemplate with momentary indifference the victory of the Kaiser's hordes. But even America would soon realise what the defeat of the Allies meant to her. Germany has an evil eye on South America; she has shown her desire to have a finger in the rich pie of that fruitful continent. President Wilson would not be "too proud to fight" then!

WHAT WE HAVE DONE.

Come, brother Britons, let us take off our coats. The people of Great Britain have to win—or lose—this war. If we win, ours will be the glory; if we lose, ours will be the shame, the sorrow, the agony, the humiliation of defeat. It is a personal matter—yours and mine. If we lose, *our* wives, *our* daughters, *our* sisters, will be raped by some German beast—always remember that; your child and my child will be tossed on German bayonets; your house and my house will thunder down in fire and smoke. I want to drive this matter home; there's no middle course in a game like this. If you have an atom of the old grit in you, you will rise to the occasion and begin to make war as war should have been made from the first. Listen, people of Great Britain. You are not doing your part to win this war. Cabinet Ministers at first said it is because you are drunkards. They lied; you are not drunkards. They invented that claptrap in order to cover up their own shortcomings. Cabinet Ministers have said you are lazy. That is a lie; you have not been lazy; you have worked splendidly under all kinds of adverse conditions. They invented the tale to gloss over their own errors of judgment in regard to ammunition and a whole host of other vital matters. All that they have asked for, you have given; all that they ask for in the future, you will give, and go on giving for ten or twenty years if necessary—*provided they do their part of the ghastly business.* That is all you ask; it is all you have ever asked, and you are well within your rights when you ask these things. You have supported these men in power for one purpose only, and that purpose is to *win the war and crush the enemy to pulp.* You have not failed in any instance that I know of. Kitchener asked for three millions of men; *you have given four millions.*

WHERE WE HAVE FAILED.

But yet, my friends, you have failed—and I will tell you where you have failed. You have remained quiescent whilst your best and your bravest have died, and the shame is yours; it can be carried by no man but you. Listen; when I told you long ago that cotton was going into Germany through neutral ports, what did you *do?* You sat still, and did not raise voice or hand. Now, mark me well, that cotton was transformed into shells and ammunition that killed your sons and brothers. And the blood-guilt is yours. You, the people of Britain, helped to kill and maim the flower of the British nation. You do

not like such home truths as these, I know, but if the people of these isles had only had the pluck and the grit to say to the cowardly legislators in the early days of the war: "Stop the cotton traffic, or we will sweep you out of existence," the cotton traffic would have stopped there and then. I warned you of the foul thing, and you sat still like a mob of sheep. You say you trusted the politicians. I say you had no right to trust them in the light of the evidence I placed before you. You don't like the truth about yourselves, but it is time someone made you feel the truth. Do you want the Hun to come here and drive the truth home to you? Do you want Britain to be as Serbia is, or Belgium, or eastern France? Do you want the Hun to boast that there is not a vestal left in Britain? You are an easy-going, sleepy, good-natured folk, slow to anger and easily led in the pleasant paths of peace. *But you must wake up, damn you!*

No More Neutral Nonsense.

How often must I tell you, amongst other things, that the so-called neutral nations are feeding our enemy and keeping him upon his feet? For over a year I have been dinning this grim fact into your ears, and in the ears of the Incompetents who profess to govern you. I have written of it until I am nauseated; every man of influence who writes for this journal has written of it; and you have not bestirred yourselves. Now half the papers in the kingdom are following in JOHN BULL'S wake in this matter, as in so many others. They steal our thunder shamelessly, and never acknowledge the source of their inspiration. I do not mind that so long as they help me to awaken *you*. The time has come when you must be shaken out of your sleep. You have to say plainly to Holland and Sweden and the rest of the neutrals who are feeding the Germans, "*Stop it, or we declare war on you!*" This is a terrific statement, but it has not been made without long and calm deliberation. We have been fooled too long; the so-called neutrals who have poured supplies into Germany for the past seventeen months are not neutrals at all; they are friends of Germany and foes of ours. They give us fair words, but they give our enemy the food and the material to make munitions, which have enabled the Hun to fill our land with widows and orphans and our hospitals with maimed men. Is that friendship? Is that neutrality? If so, may the Devil fly away with such friends—we want none of them. Whilst Holland and Sweden and other so-called neutrals are filling their coffers with wealth out of war profits, they are helping to fill our cemeteries with our dead. Are we going to permit it any longer, or are we going to show our teeth—and use them? What more can these self-styled neutrals do to hurt us—if we go to war with them—than they are doing now, and have been doing ever since the war broke out? *They cannot do us half as much harm as foes in arms as they are doing now*, for if we treat them as foes—and foes they are and have been all along—then we close their ports and stop their food supplies, and there is not one of them that is self-supporting; they will have to share with Germany the little that Germany has got, and the whole bunch of them will soon be starving. They have elected to play shopkeeper to our foe, and we, like fools, have let them get the goods. All the armies and all the navies of the neutrals can do us very little damage if they enter the arena of war against us, *but the merchants of those countries* can bring us to the verge of disaster, whilst pretending to be in sympathy with us. Damn their sympathy; what we want and henceforth *will have*, is deeds—not words! We are weary of the fat words of friendship, and the lean acts of hostility covered by the cloak of neutral trade. The British people must throw themselves into the fight; they must mass in millions—men and women, in every city in the kingdom—and show this government of weaklings and mediocrities that the hour has struck; and if need be they must proceed from words to acts, *for our own Government is beating us.* Let the people rise *en masse*, and raise an earthquake shout of wrath. This is no time for the howling of jackals; it is the time for the lion's growl. We are being stabbed in the back every hour of every day and night, and the whimpering cowards in St. Stephen's know it, and cry "Hush, hush! Smile like good people, and pretend it doesn't hurt." If the neutrals had dared to do to Germany what they have done and are doing to us, Germany would have thrown an army corps over each of their borders long ago, and have given them the steel. Let us look at the facts: we are at war with Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, Holland and Sweden, and have been from the first. What are our misgovernors afraid of? If the British Empire, France, Russia, Italy, Serbia and Japan cannot beat this combination of forces into the mud, then they and we deserve to be smashed. All our Allies have done their parts nobly; we alone are slacking.

We Don't Want War with Neutrals.

There is no sane man in this country or this Empire who wants war with any of the neutrals, but we will no longer consent to pay the present price for peace; they must fight, or cease to feed the foe. If they elect to fight, all they can do is to add their millions of population to Germany's millions to eat up the Kaiser's store of food—and he will scarcely thank them for that. I want every man who has a son or a brother in khaki to bestir himself, and help to make our Government go to war in earnest. I want every woman in the land who has husband, brother, son or sweetheart in khaki to commence to shake life into those dry bones at St. Stephen's; aye, and I want every man and woman who has lost a dear one to throw off all inertia and begin a crusade that will shake the world. No one else, nothing else will do it; the time has come, the hour has struck; it is a people's war, and the people must win it—and they can. I, for one, refuse to have part or lot in the conspiracy of silence that is enabling alleged neutrals to flood the land of our enemies with food-stuffs and fighting material, under the very guns of our Navy. Someone is selling us; that is the plain, unvarnished truth; some son of Judas unbars the gates of commerce for our foes, and if we do not awaken now—*awaken and act*—we shall find we have sacrificed half a million men for nothing. And that must never be.

WHO IS SELLING US?

RED-TAPE JOBBERY HELPING TO SMASH OUR ARMY—KITCHENER'S HANDS TIED.

BY A. G. HALES.

I hold that it was not Judas, but John who betrayed the Great Nazarene. He trusted John; He never trusted Judas, and it is always the man you trust who betrays. Will Kitchener take this lesson to heart?—for the man who is greedy of his post is one whom he trusts; the mines are laid, and intention now waits on opportunity. We do not want to see our greatest soldier relegated to Egypt, whilst a man who has never yet fought for his country fills the highest military post in our Empire—that way disaster lies. Young, active generals are needed in the fighting lines, but experience and vast organising powers are required at the fountain head; for there is a terrific lot to be done before the sword is sheathed—our Empire in the East will slip away from us if we do not grip with a grip of steel that for which we have in the past poured out unlimited blood and treasure. This war should have ended two months ago with the complete discomfiture of our foes; it would have ended so if it had not been for blunders, waste and trickery in a quarter where we had a right to expect cleaner and abler things. Now we have to begin pretty nearly all over again, and one of the first things we have to do is to reconstruct the kit of our fighting men on a common-sense basis. "The man who carries the pack" is the man who wins campaigns and settles the fate of nations. We have made our soldier "something to hang things on"; half the fight is out of him before he goes into action, because he has to carry a mule's burden. In the trench warfare we have been indulging in, our soldiers have not felt this heart-breaking burden to the extent they would have felt it if they had been engaged in a campaign of marching and counter-marching; but the near future is going to give us plenty of that. The armies of the world cannot long remain shepherded behind wire fences—that phase of the war is nearly over; open action *must come and will come.* The war cannot be won by either side on present lines of so-called strategy. The army that clings to trench warfare is in the end bound to be beaten. Such tactics argue lack of confidence in their own abilities on the part of generals who adopt them; they advertise to the enemy the fact that such commanders know the limits of their own capacity and are afraid of the result of an open action. The march of events will force all the belligerent armies into wider fields, and decisive actions will be fought. Then will come long, rapid marching, and the best marchers will win seven times out of nine—for they will invariably be in a position to make the enemy fight when, where and how they want him to fight. The commander who can choose his hour and place has half the battle won. Artillery has been the dominant factor in the past eighteen months of war on every front; infantry will be the great deciding factor during the residue of the struggle—and the commander who can make his infantry into "foot cavalry" will save the odd trick every time.

KITCHENER'S TIRELESS TASK.

The man who can take an ounce from each soldier's pack without impairing the effectiveness of the fighting man will be doing the nation incalculable service; we can take not ounces, but many pounds from each Tommy's pack, and not only without lowering his effectiveness, but vastly improving his kit. I know that Kitchener, whose whole soul is with the Army, has worked strenuously to this end, because he foresaw the change that is coming over military tactics; he *knew* the artillery phase must and would pass, and the swift infantry movements come on—just as he knew we should need three million men at the lowest computation when others were talking of doing the job with three hundred thousand.

He has got his men, and he has been trying to get them into a kit that would render them the most mobile force on earth; so far he has failed. Men of giant physique, like the Guards, may carry the present pack, cover long distances by forced marches, and put up a great fight at the end of their marching; but the new levies will not be equal to it—and that is why I want to drive home the tremendous fact that "the men who can carry the pack" are the only men who can win campaigns—*our packs have got to be cut down by one-third their gross weight.* The American General Jackson knew the value of cutting down packs; and, as a leader of infantry pure and simple, Jackson never had a superior in military history—he was a human cyclone, and made every man in his command a small edition of himself. His motto was, as ours must be, "Cut down the packs"; don't kill our soldiers before they have a chance to kill the enemy! Why does not Kitchener cut down the British packs? Simply because he hasn't the power; his power for good has been whittled away, shred by shred; and, incredible as it may seem to the British public, Kitchener cannot to-day say, "*This shall be so!*" He is the straightest and cleanest man who ever had anything to do with public funds in regard to contracts; the man would rather die than touch a tainted dollar.

SOMETHING I HAVE SEEN AND HANDLED.

During the week I saw and handled a garment, invented by a Britisher, which will lessen the soldier's pack by many pounds' weight, and add to his health and comfort in an almost unimaginable manner. I will not describe it here, lest inadvertently I give valuable information to the enemy, who would adopt it instantly. It will lower the cost of the soldier's kit greatly, and prevent his coming home from the wars a rheumatic wreck. Kitchener has seen it, handled it, examined it minutely, and has expressed the highest admiration of it; and to set his seal upon it he permitted the inventor to name it after himself. Numbers of officers home from the front have seen it; all were loud in its praises—for it was cutting down the pack and *adding to the efficiency of the soldier.* I am assured that Kitchener has tried to press this thing on our War Office, because he believes, and rightly believes, nothing is too good for a soldier; but it has been turned down—it has been shelved. Give it to Germany, and five millions would be in use in a month. Our British women can make it; all the material for its manufacture is obtainable in sufficient quantities here in London; we throw nothing out of gear by its manufacture, and *the profits go to the soldiers*—the inventor wants neither money nor kudos. Will the people never wake up and demand that anything that will save a soldier's life and health, and at the same time make him a more effective fighter, shall be got for him? The best that money can buy is not too good for either officers or men, and the best they *shall* have.

THE INTERNMENT FARCE.

HALF-HOLIDAYS FOR HUNS.—INTERNED, BUT CONDUCTING "BUSINESS AS USUAL."

BY VICTOR CARTER.

The relaxation of the rules regarding the internment of aliens—their actual release in numbers not "negligible"—gives one furiously to think.

This journal warned the Government that if the "enemy in our midst"—the German and the Austrian who has made a happy hunting-ground of England—was allowed to remain at large there would be a great uprising of the people in protest against an inexplicable policy of tenderness.

The Government were slow to move; and the result was as predicted. Anti-alien riots broke out with a virulence that was the more intense for the patience and the suppressed indignation that law-abiding citizens, with a deep and traditional respect for authority, had long practised.

"CUT OFF IN THE MIDST OF THEIR SINS."

Faced by this outburst of popular fury our rulers were forced to act. The process of interning aliens really began on the day following the wrecking of German shops which had—in spite of the war—taken for their motto the cry of "Business as Usual."

A long and a slow process it was; and now, apparently, this drastic but necessary action is to be undone. It is true that the enemy is—more or less—interned. But he has his half-days off, and is granted permission from time to time to leave the grounds to which the public suppose him to be rigorously confined.

If a German is dangerous—so dangerous that he should be locked up and deprived of the possibilities of doing mischief—it is essential that such imprisonment should be complete. There should be no loophole through which he can direct the treacherous fire of his cunning bullets against the community.

Is there such a loophole? There is. I have been at pains to inquire closely into the remarkable allegation that Germans in internment camps are granted "days off"; and I rely upon no sensational and vague rumours, but base this exposure of the mad methods of the authorities upon an official statement which I extracted.

I will first set out the "explanation," which was given at my solicitation, of certain facts which reached me in reference to the treatment of aliens supposed to be under lock and key at the Islington (London) Workhouse.

There are eight hundred inmates at this institution, and they are guarded with vigilance by the Commandant and his staff. But what is the good of the utmost vigilance if now and again they are permitted to step out of his control and wander freely abroad?

"LET OUT FOR AN HOUR OR SO."

The authorities deny that the men are allowed temporary freedom for "constitutional purposes," but "under special circumstances the prisoners are permitted to go out for a few hours. In a period of four months the number who have been allowed out has been 200. On no occasion has a prisoner failed to return at the scheduled time."

The official statement continues: "A civil adjutant considers the advisability of permitting the men out, and only after the strictest investigation is this privilege extended. In the majority of cases where the prisoners have been out the men went back to the sick bed of their wives or children. Men have also been permitted to leave the institution when on the advice of the medical officer it was essential that they should visit their dentists.

"On certain occasions men have been allowed out in connection with businesses—such as the manufacture of surgical instruments and bandages—which are beneficial to the cause of the Allies."

Now, I do not propose to go behind these assertions. I will take the reply to my inquiry precisely as it stands. It furnishes a formidable indictment, an irresistible case against the Government which is supine and spineless in this vital duty of rendering impotent for evil the hordes of enemies who infest our land.

"WHEN THE COCK BEGINS TO CROW."

Remember that spy after spy has been shot by order of Courts-Martial in this country. Those who are caught red-handed in the commission of crime against Great Britain can represent only a certain proportion of this vicious class. Why was not every one of them—actual or potential spy—interned?

And, being interned, why do we allow them—knowing what we do know of their devilish machinations, the secret ramifications of their activities in the countries of our Allies—why do we allow them to leave the place of their imprisonment, perhaps to direct plots inimical to our interests, perhaps to put in execution plans quietly prepared in their seclusion?

Granted that the majority of these 200 "ticket-of-leave" Germans are innocent and inoffensive enough, yet if there should be a single one among them who is capable of mischief, if given the opportunity for mischief, what manner of Government is it which takes the risk of their occasional release?

What is the good of shutting up a man at all if he is now and again to go beyond the reach of surveillance? What would we think of a director of a lunatic asylum who imposed the most stringent restriction upon homicidal maniacs twenty-nine days in the month and then turned them loose on the thirtieth?

"GOOD BYE, BERNSTEIN BHINS."

As to the claims of business, it may be news to many readers that a German can run his "business as usual" from the internment camp. It is a scandal and a shame that such is the policy of a chicken-hearted Government. Would a business man in Germany be allowed to direct operations from prison? The question needs no answer.

We neither want the rivalry of the interned Germans, nor their assistance. We can, with proper organisation, make our own surgical instruments without giving a profit to the interned German manufacturer.

The camp possesses a Censor. His duty is to read the letters sent out by prisoners. They cannot in their communications with the outside world give any information that may be regarded as perilous to Great Britain, nor can they put in black upon white any instructions to subordinates or colleagues who enjoy immunity from internment.

But why should they? They have only to wait for their "day out," when they will be free to do what they please. The Censor is wasting his time. The Commandant is wasting his time. The whole system is a hollow farce. Barbed wire is useless when the Hun can leave by the front door.

"HUNS, LIMITED."

NO QUARTER FOR ENEMY TRADERS.

The anomalies of British Company law in relation to German commercial enterprise call loudly for redress, and the decision of the Government to strengthen the Trading with the Enemy Act comes not a moment too soon. The amending Bill gives the Board of Trade discretionary power to prohibit the carrying on of any business now conducted in the United Kingdom by persons of enemy nationality, and we welcome the assurance of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board that the measure will be administered "with the single purpose of getting rid of the German element in our trade." The remarkable thing is that eighteen months of bitter warfare should have preceded the frank adoption of this salutary principle. In the interval, many firms of thoroughly German character, except for the technicality of registration in Great Britain, have enjoyed the widest liberty of trading here.

AUSTRALIA'S MOTTO VINDICATED.

In this connection, as in many other departments of war administration, the overseas Dominions have given us a long lead. As long ago as November, 1914, the whole question of enemy trading engaged the attention of the Australian Parliament, with the result that an Act was passed to curtail the operation, not only of avowed enemy firms, but of Companies "the business whereof is managed or controlled directly or indirectly by or under the influence of enemy subjects, or is carried on wholly or mainly for the benefit or on behalf of enemy subjects, notwithstanding that the firm or Company may be registered or incorporated within the King's Dominions." It has taken the Imperial Government well over a year to rise to the height of this excellent example. In the meantime, the latitude accorded to enemy undertakings, as defined by the Australian Act, has been a crying scandal. Before us, for example, is a list of the shareholders in the Linde "British" Refrigeration Company, particulars of which were filed as late as June, 1914, possibly in intelligent anticipation of coming events. Three-fourths of the capital is in German hands, the shareholders mostly residing at Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich and Wiesbaden. There is, however, a dummy British directorate, and a registered office in London, and the Trading with the Enemy Act is thus held at bay.

A JUGGLE IN NATIONALITY.

Among the Directors of Isaria, Limited, are Edward Bloch, Julius Gayer, Joseph Hackl, George P. Probst, Isaria Zahlewerke and Ludwig Schoenmann—all but the last-named resident in Germany; and a consignment of its goods, captured by a British cruiser, has been unconditionally released. In the case of Custodis, Limited, to which we have previously referred, a gentleman, declaring himself to be "a subject of a State at war with the British Empire," has agreed that his shares, amounting to about half the registered capital of the British Company, shall be transferred to a Trustee, with a stipulation that they shall be re-conveyed to him at the end of the war or as soon as he shall contrive to procure his naturalisation in this country. On the strength of this arrangement, the Company proceeds to advertise "British Shareholders, British Directors, British Staff and Workmen, and British Materials only"—as we presume they have a perfect right to do in the existing state of the law, the effect of which is to keep alive the "goodwill" of firms of a predominatingly German character. The mere enactment will not scotch the evil. The public must insist that the Board of Trade shall make rigorous use of its new powers,

THE LOTTERY OF LAW.

COUNTY COURT COMPENSATION CONTRASTS.

We have had a good deal to say from time to time in regard to the faulty administration of the Workmen's Compensation Act, and while for the present, war topics must take first place, we have no intention of letting this important matter drop wholly out of sight. As equity in general was said once to vary with "the length of the Lord Chancellor's foot," so the compensation decisions vary with the views and prejudices of County Court Judges to whom the cases are brought for arbitration. For example, at the Manchester County Court, before his Honour Judge Mellor, K.C., there was the recent case of a young moulder, who as the result of a splash of molten metal had lost his left eye. Compensation had for some time been paid, but the employers had now offered the injured man further employment, and the learned Judge was accordingly invited to put a stop to the compensation payments. As against this proposal, it was quite reasonably contended that "the workman was afraid to work as a moulder again for fear he should lose the sight of the other eye"; while a medical witness gave his considered opinion that "although the sight of the sound eye was good, it had lost part of its field of vision, and the workman would be liable to trip over things left about the floor of a moulding shop." These grave conclusions do not appear to have been contested by the employers, but Judge Mellor is evidently not easily impressed with the woes of wounded workmen. His humane view of the circumstances was thus eloquently expressed:—

> The employers had given the workman the offer of three different jobs. He was a young man in good health who, like many other people, had the misfortune to have only one eye. He certainly ought to try to do some work or else he would never do any. There would be a declaration of liability as applied for, and the compensation would cease. The young man must go to work at one of the jobs offered to him.

This "declaration of liability" merely means that if the workman should utterly break down he may come to the Court again, but as long as he is able to rub along the employers will not be further troubled in the matter of compensation. The fact that his potential earning capacity has been lowered and his prospects of advancement destroyed is neither here nor there in the judgment of Judge Mellor. Very different might have been the young man's fate if his case had been determined by Judge Mulligan, K.C., who has won honourable distinction among County Court Judges. At the Dereham (Norfolk) County Court he refused the application of a solicitor, representing the Accident and General Law Association, for the registration of an agreement awarding £60 as full compensation to a sixteen-year-old lad who had lost two fingers while in the employ of a firm of toolmakers. The proposed compact was described by the Judge as "an atrocious agreement," and in the course of some further observations from the Bench the equity of these cases was admirably stated. Said his Honour:—

> Here is a person of sixteen, earning 8s. 7d. as an apprentice. He is injured for life—two of his fingers gone and a third injured. According to his own statement to the Registrar he cannot do the work he would have been doing, and cannot get promotion in his work or go forward in his trade, and it is asked, forsooth, that there should be an agreement recorded for £60.

We will say nothing of law, but in equity Mellor has something to learn of Mulligan.

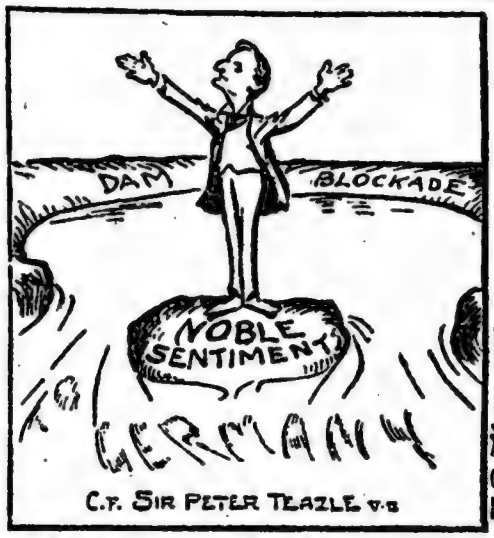
Photo of your baby please, for "Everywoman's."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

• THE ASS-ASSIN AGAIN AT WORK •

Kitchener's again assailed
By his adversaries;
But their words have nought availed—
Each assault he parries.

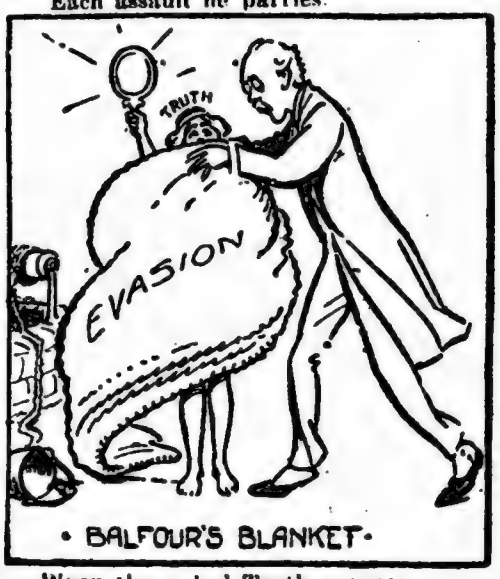


C.F. SIR PETER TEAZLE v. s

Noble sentiments are fine,
But the neutral nations
Must be made to toe the line
With respect to rations.

• BOMBASTES FERDINANDO •

Ferdinand's flamboyant gush,
If rumour may be trusted,
Francis Joseph treats as mush
And shows himself disgusted.



• BALFOUR'S BLANKET •

When the naked Truth appears,
With her light, to prank it,
Balfour, filled with sudden fears,
Swathes her in a blanket.

"A-A-AH—THANK HEAVEN!"

For the Premier, shaken sore,
The suspense was killing;
Now he thanks good Fortune for
The defeat of Billing.

• AN UNPLEASANT TASK •
WHICH J·B· WOULD DISCHARGE WITH RESIGNATION

To stop Hun traders Pretyman
Calls an unpleasant duty!
Think of a jollier task who can!—
Than ease the Huns of booty?

"BEAUTY BUNKUM."

TOKALON DISCLOSE THE GREAT SECRET.

In an article under the heading, "Beauty Bunkum," we told of the curious business, carried on through advertisements, of Miss Simone Mareix. As she recommended an astonishing number of strange toilet preparations at large prices, we assumed that the profits of her "free" treatment arose from the sale of such articles. Proof comes to us in the shape of a cheque for 10s., sent to a chemist under cover of a remarkable letter from Tokalon, Limited, 212-214, Great Portland Street, W., who are evidently the proprietors of those weird toilet preparations. In their letter they tell the chemist the cheque is not "from father," but is to induce him to make a window show of their "high grade toilet specialities." They said they had "a wonderful secret system of advertising"; we are, alas! afraid we have given the show away, and it is secret no longer. Ladies, they wrote, would be swarming into that chemist's shop to buy Tokalon—and Santonex and Levathol and Witch Hazel and Japanese Ice Pencils. All the shopkeeper need do was to cash the cheque for 10s., send an order for about £10 worth of goods—and wait for the rush. But he has never cashed the cheque, nor has he ordered the quaint and curious goods. And he was wise, for not one of the funny things has ever been asked for in his shop!

OUR FOOD TABLE.

The story goes that Herr von Hun,
When he sits down to dinner,
Gets all the food he used to get,
And isn't growing thinner;
A five-course meal he masticates,
Or so the tale is written,
And most of the ingredients
Are still supplied by Britain.

When Mr. Bull received the news
His Chief Man he upbraided:
"How does this fellow get the stuff?
Why isn't he blockaded?
I thought we'd stopped his little game,
But, dash my boots and gaiters!
He still sits down to gorge my grub,
Served up by neutral waiters!"

Then Mr. Bull's Chief Man arose,
And said, "Your information
Is absolutely incorrect,
So hear my explanation;
To say five courses we supply
Is most erroneous—
Four courses, so I pledge my word,
Are all he gets from us!"

RICHARD MORTON.

The best spare time employment—making "Bullets."

HAMMERSMITH'S SHAME.

THE CELL THAT WAITS FOR A SOLDIER.

In March of last year, a local man patriotically joined the Army; he is now in France, in the trenches. Unluckily, he went away owing a sum for rates—£5 17s. 1d. It was not his fault, nor his wife's fault, and the fine honesty of the people is proved by the fact that this soldier's wife has, out of her Government allowance of 12s. 6d. a week, paid as much as £3 off the debt, as well as accepting responsibility for all rates since due. This being the case, it was seemingly sharp practice on the part of Hammersmith Borough Council to proceed against the absent man, and to secure a judgment against him. With that they might surely have rested content, but they were out for blood—a soldier's blood.

The wife, struggling hard to keep up her end at home, was informed by Mr. Leslie Gordon, the Town Clerk, that the Justices were to sit to consider an application against her husband, and that it was "extremely necessary" for her to be in attendance. She attended. Two Magistrates were sitting, Messrs. Hunter and McArthur, and to them she explained the position. The Bench had their regrets, of course—or said they had. They were sorry, but—they made a Committal Order against the soldier for the non-payment of the balance due. Realise the awful irony of it—a Magistrate apologising while he commits to gaol a soldier whom he knows to be at that moment fighting for his country, for Hammersmith, and for the very mutton-heads who made that grievous Order.

Let us draw another picture of what may happen should this iniquitous thing go on. Imagine the soldier, with seven days' leave, arriving at Victoria Station straight from the trenches, with the mud and the clay thick-dried upon him. Note his sallow, lean cheeks, the tired eyes that have looked Death in the face and quivered not; note this man, who has been living in the Valley of the Shadow, throw off all fatigue, all worry, all horror, because this is England—and Home! Picture the joy with which he leaps on the platform as the train slows, and stops—and then think of the scene as a tipstaff taps that soldier on the shoulder and says, "You've got to come with me to gaol, because you owe £2 17s. 4d. to Hammersmith for rates!"

It has not happened yet, but the Borough has got its Committal Order, and is in a position to translate the scene from fancy into fact.

A SEASIDE PLOT.

SUSSEX SNARE FOR SIMPLE SOULS.

When the advertisement of the South Coast Land and Resort Company, of 188, Gray's Inn Road, was offered to us, we promptly declined to accept it—in our attitude, we believe, being alone among the Press. Our suspicions were soon verified, for, despite the fact that the announcement offering £100 for the best name for a new seaside resort in Sussex stated that only fifty consolation prizes of plots would be given to "runners up," we were soon deluged with letters from hundreds of persons who had been informed that the names selected by them were "most excellent," and that a plot would be conveyed to them on paying the "nominal" sum of three guineas. By means of a printed circular we promptly advised all our correspondents to have nothing to do with the concern, for it was clear that, after deducting the stamp duty, the winner would be paying at the rate of about £50 an acre for land certainly worth not half that sum—for the wonderful "Anzac-on-Sea," if and when it ever exists, will be situated on terribly rough ground and confronted with high cliffs without access to the sea-shore—which, however, does not so much matter, as there are no sands, the beach being covered with rocks. In addition, unfortunate purchasers would have to find considerable sums of money for the construction of roads, pathways and drains on what is now merely a howling wilderness, miles from a station and the ordinary amenities of life.

MUDDY MIND REDIVIVUS.

MORE MAUNDERINGS BY MEAN-SPIRITED MINISTER.

The Muddy-Minded Minister is still with us. His mind is as thick and as cloudy as ever; he still bleats piffle that would be pitiful if it were not dangerous. Readers will recognise that we refer to an old acquaintance of the peace-at-any-price pattern, except that he would prefer the price to be the humiliation of the British nation. This anti-patriot is the Rev. J. C. Davies, Minister of the Baker Street Congregational Church, Enfield. He is not satisfied with his own Church body; he thinks the Free Church Council should say, of Mr. Asquith's Bill, "This thing should not be." He regards it as a "sinister attempt to bind the young manhood of a free country with the chains and fetters of conscription." If we all followed the lead of the Labour Congress, if none of us fought at all, "the war would soon be a thing of the past." He is horrified because other Ministers do not agree with him; he would like to see the Free Churches "equipped with the most cultured ministry that Germany already possesses." The man's muddy mind is so defiled, he so loves these Germhun pastors, that he applies the term "most cultured" to men who proclaim to their flock that "Germany's divine mission is to crucify humanity"; men who approve the *Lusitania* murders, and say, "We must fight the wicked by all possible means; their sufferings must please us."

Mr. Davies says his attitude has incurred hostility, and we are glad to know it. So is he; for he thinks, if he is "persecuted," it shows how righteous he is. His affectation of humility is nauseating; by implication he tells us he is taking up the Cross and "sharing the insults directed against" the Master. He says that the more we "fail" in the war, the more we "succeed" in the sight of God. And the creature would evidently prefer failure, even as he does all in his power to prevent success. He snuffles about the "faithful few" who are mocked, and "driven into caves and holes in the ground." It is a personal touch, and if it means that Enfield occasionally shows its opinion of him, we can but compliment Enfield. There is one characteristic touch in his manifesto which deserves mention; he thanks the Almighty because, though his Church has "repudiated the war-spirit," yet the money has still come in, the collections have been all gay, and there is "a substantial balance in hand." The mind may be muddy, but the fingers can count the cash!

"BENSON" BUNKS.

ANOTHER OFFENCE ADDED TO LONG CATEGORY.

"G. Lewis Benson"—the rogue who, under a score of aliases, of which this is the last, has been defrauding aspirants to the holy state of matrimony—has levanted from Northwood Lodge, Tankerton, near Whitstable. One of his last efforts was, as "Secretary of the Friendship League," to induce a would-be Benedick to send him a subscription *by telegram*. But "Benson" had mistaken his man—for, instead, the matter was laid before us. On our advice, a letter was sent to Tankerton asking for "Benson's" references—the communication being returned by the postal authorities marked "Not called for." We can quite understand the man's motives for making himself scarce. Besides his systematic campaign of obtaining money by false pretences from people seeking matrimonial partners—his immunity hitherto from arrest suggesting that the police wink at this kind of thing—he has posed as "Samuel Forbes, solicitor," a very flagrant breach of the Solicitors' Act, and has also filled in a Lodger's Registration Form describing himself as "Ronald Howard, Farmer and Dealer"—his real Christian and surnames being entirely different, whilst his "Trade or Occupation" is, of course, that of "Matrimonial Swindler." For thus falsely filling up the form he is liable to a fine of £100, or six months' imprisonment, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will now speedily trip up his heels.

Cogent and convincing, Mr. Bottomley in "Everywoman's."

VILENESS AND A VICAR.

SHOCKING SCHOOL SANITARY SCANDAL.

A report in the Montgomery *County Times* of the proceedings of the Forden Rural District Council reveals a scandal which is far too gross to be hidden away in the pages of a local newspaper. It seems that at the Forden Church of England School, of which the Rev. O. Alban Thomas, Vicar of the Parish, is the leading Manager, insanitary conditions of the worst kind have for some time prevailed, repeated warnings from the Sanitary Inspector having been consistently ignored. The details of the Inspector's report disclosed a state of affairs fraught with the gravest risk to the health of the school-children, and there seems to have been ample warrant for the Chairman's conclusion that "the case was one of sheer neglect." The school playground was in "a deplorably dirty condition," and, to make matters worse, refuse for which there was no room in the proper receptacle, had been strewn about all over the place. The ashpit has been full for months, its present condition being perhaps better left to the imagination. But for the healthy situation of the school, a serious outburst of epidemic disease might long ago have occurred. Moreover, there were grave defects in the water supply, the primitive pumping arrangements formerly in use having for some time past been out of order. Although the Headmaster and his family were resident upon the premises, and 110 children in regular attendance at the school, water fit for drinking purposes had now to be fetched a distance of 350 yards. Such were the main counts in the Sanitary Inspector's indictment of the School Managers, and we are bound to say that a more disgraceful case of the kind has rarely been brought to our notice. The chief responsibility clearly rests with the Vicar, who for some reason or other seems to have turned a deaf ear to every official remonstrance. In these circumstances the Council should obviously have taken strong action, and we are sorry to notice that they apparently intend to waste a further warning upon the Managers. Indeed, we are at a loss to know why matters should ever have been allowed to reach their present pass, there having apparently been a strong case for decisive action at any time within the last three months. At the very least, the County Education Committee should have been invited to intervene. As things are now, statutory proceedings before the Magistrates would appear to offer the best hope of immediate improvement. Meanwhile, what has the Rev. O. Alban Thomas to say in extenuation of his scandalous neglect of the cleanliness which is next to the godliness he is paid to preach?

SLOW SILK.

GOODS BOUGHT, BUT BUYER SOLD.

On quite a number of occasions have we warned readers against a concern styling itself the Holborn Silk Market, and giving its address at 56, High Holborn. Persons answering its advertisements are duly supplied with patterns that are attractive, and they may be tempted to make their choice and forward a remittance for the goods. There the matter appears to end. In the latest instance reported to us, it has been, as usual, impossible to obtain any satisfaction, although the cash was sent more than two months ago.

The Holborn Silk Market, sometimes also figuring as Samuel Lewis, has no shop. There is a place where a man calls for letters, but there seems to be no pretence of actual "business." Complaints are many, but no proceedings appear to have been taken because customers probably fear the expense and do not care to throw good money after bad. The long continuance of such an unsatisfactory concern in the heart of the City of London shows a lack of initiative on the part of the local authorities.

A BAITED BRITISHER.

SCURVY TREATMENT OF A SOUTH AFRICAN VETERAN.

In these exceptional times it is inevitable that the police should be armed with extraordinary powers, but the public none the less have a right to demand that in their exercise discretion should be used, and due regard paid to the prerogatives of British citizenship. That this simple requirement is sometimes "honoured in the breach" is proved by the experience of Mr. S. M. Goldsmid, of Whitstable, Kent, a former Inspector of Special Constables. Goldsmid, be it observed, is rather a Jewish than a Teutonic name—Goldschmidt is its German variant—and it may further be stated that Mr. S. M. Goldsmid is a British subject, of pure native ancestry. He holds the South African medal with three clasps, and clean discharge papers from the 8th Hussars. In the course of the present war he has twice endeavoured to enlist, being rejected on each occasion as medically unfit. For no discoverable reason, apart from his name, Mr. Goldsmid has been pursued in a most remarkable manner by the Kent County Police, deprived of his commission as a Special Constable, and incidentally subjected to all manner of indignity. A photographer by trade, he has been forbidden to exercise his calling in the neighbourhood of Whitstable; and, finally, discharged, at the instance of the police, from a munition factory where he had obtained temporary employment. Protests to the police authorities, to the Home Office, and to the local Member of Parliament, have been alike unavailing. As Mr. Goldsmid himself writes: "The authorities refuse me any information, nor will they arrest me, and thus give me a chance of answering their mysterious charge." Mr. Goldsmid's vehement demand for the fair and open investigation of his conduct is an eminently reasonable one. We may add that Mr. Goldsmid, who can trace his British descent back to the reign of Charles I., is a near relative of the late Major-General Sir Frederick Goldsmid, and has five cousins now holding his Majesty's commission. These circumstances alone should entitle him to fair treatment.

THE FOOTLE OF FENBY.

CLAP-TRAP OF MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME.

Bridlington has made a discovery. It has found in its midst a person named T. D. Fenby, and it is now wondering why it has made him what he is, and why it has put up with him so long. For he has so wormed his way into public life that he is a Councillor, a J.P., and prospective Parliamentary Candidate for the Howdenshire Division. Added to these distinctions, we hear that he is a local preacher, Bible thumper, and Psalm singer. Also, that he is of military age.

Perhaps it is this last consideration that has moved him to appear in print to denounce that "wicked and wanton thing," the "Bill to establish conscription," which, he writes, "has come by means of a trick as foul as any to be found in the annals of any country." Mr. Asquith is welcome to this description of his pledge by a member of his own Party. Mr. Feverish Fenby wants "every lover of freedom, and every organisation both religious and political that stands for the betterment of the race," to oppose the measure. "Every man who prides himself that he is an Englishman" must "unite to destroy it, after the terrible sacrifice this country has made during the last seventeen months."

We do not know what sacrifice, if any, has been made by Futile Fenby, nor can we understand his sudden fury against "compulsion." When it suits his book, he loves it. His programme for Parliament includes total abstinence for everybody and total prohibition by the State. And that is compulsion by wholesale. Fenby fears he may be pushed, and he vents his consternation in the customary clap-trap. "Conscription is Prussianism!" he cries. Let Mr. Feeble Fenby learn that conscription can only affect conscripts; it is open to all men to be volunteers.

For real security see page ii of cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Prime Minister,—So the "Talking Shop" is "up" for a week or two, and when these lines are read deep silence will be brooding upon St. Stephen's. Meanwhile, the Compulsory Service Bill is law, and I am inclined to congratulate you rather upon the luck than the skill with which a serious breach in the "national unity" has been avoided. Your facility for playing with fire amounts almost to witchcraft. However, I fancy things might have gone hard with you this time but for the strong good sense and unshakable resolution of the British people at large. Upon this solid factor you gambled and won—but don't play hazard *too* often!

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Dear Mr. Montagu,—It seems that in the interests of public economy you are anxious to tempt the small investor; but while I have no wish to anticipate your official report upon the matter, I am not greatly impressed by such forecasts of your intentions as have been allowed to appear. The fact is that it is hard for a scion of the Montagus to understand the circumstances and outlook of "the little man," and you have apparently failed to consult the people whose advice would be really helpful. However, I must await your public pronouncement, and after that perhaps you may like to hear *my* scheme.

John Bull.

To Warwick Brookes, Esq., M.P.

Dear Politician,—I am glad to see that your return for Mile End has had an immediate practical outcome. No sooner were you elected than you were off to the War Office as one of a deputation of London Members to demand the more efficient protection of the Metropolis against German aerial attacks. This was an admirable move, and a fitting sequel to your hasty appropriation during the Mile End contest of the main planks in your opponent's platform—a form of larceny for which, as far as I know, neither the Common Law nor the Corrupt Practices Act provides a penalty. As a politician you should go far. Accept my compliments.

John Bull.

To Noel Pemberton-Billing, Esq.

Dear Pemberton-Billing,—Hearty congratulations upon your fight in Mile End, against a Coalition of all the Parties. It was a fine effort and a rattling result, well calculated to stir up the Government to a firmer and more business like prosecution of the war. Especially, I liked your speech after the declaration of the poll. "I have lost the first round," you said, "but neither this war nor my fight is finished." As I have said once before, this is the spirit that "gets there." Here's to your next effort!

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.

Dear Sir Edward,—It is a surprise to discover a flaw in your logic, but I am unable to follow your reasoning upon the question of reprisals for Zeppelin attacks. To give the enemy "a taste of their own methods"—a suggestion warmly approved by many of us—would be, you say, "to lower ourselves to the German level by copying the crimes which they have committed." But surely the crime of Germany has been that her attacks from the air upon our peaceful cities have been wholly unprovoked; carried out, not by way of reprisal, but of gratuitous offence. To reply in kind would be not a crime, but an act of just retribution. An eye for an eye is the root principleof justice in war as in peace.

John Bull.

To the Rev. F. H. Benson, Methodist Minister, Birmingham.

Methodist Sir,—Nothing could be more characteristic of the wild and woolly misrepresentations of professional puritans than those which you are reported to have made at a Methodist meeting in Leamington concerning the morality of girl munitions workers in Birmingham. You do not back these allegations yourself. You said you were "told that in one munitions works thirty girls, who had been working every day for weeks, Sundays as well as weekdays, managed to get a Sunday off, and chartered taxi cabs, and went to Bewdley, and came home drunk." Challenged on that statement a morning or two afterwards, you said you had no personal knowledge of the incident; only used it as an illustration of a point in your address; had the story from another clergyman; understood the other clergyman related it with a full belief, if not knowledge, of its truthfulness; preferred not to mention the name of the clergyman who told you, but—you would see him the day after to-morrow, and inquire into the affair. It is an extraordinary basis for an allegation of that kind, used as it obviously was not merely to "illustrate a point," but to insinuate a general condition. I should not be surprised if it has to be relegated to the same category as the war baby and other myths of the Stigginses, Chadbands, Pecksniffs and Grundys.

John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor of Hyde, Cheshire.

Dear Your Worship,—The object of this letter is to draw your attention, and through you that of the public of Hyde, to the anomalous position in which they are placed by the anti-British, pro-Germhun lectures of their Parliamentary "representative," Francis Neilson, in America. It is clear that the position of Mr. Neilson in the constituency amounts to a scandalous unpatriotism. I am confident that if the opinion of the electors were sought, your Worship, it would be overwhelmingly against its representation by Mr. Neilson. Steps should be taken during the adjournment of Parliament to let him plainly understand that he is no longer *persona grata* in Hyde, and that his resignation will be enthusiastically welcomed. He has broken his parole. Six months' leave of absence was given to him to repair his health, not to defame and denounce his country. Let Hyde have done with him once and for all.

John Bull.

To Mr. Isaac Hampton, 45, Castlereagh Street, Belfast.

Sir,—Though, in inflicting upon you an inadequate fine of £5 and costs, the Belfast Magistrates admitted that you were "undoubtedly annoyed" by dogs chasing your sheep, no annoyance could justify your wanton, fiendish cruelty to that little fox terrier. To start with, you had no evidence to condemn the poor beast; you did not even allege that it had touched your sheep; you shot it and wounded it and afterwards held it by the hind legs while you battered it to death with a spade, just because it was a dog and you are a brute. You would have wreaked your vengeance on any other dog if it had happened to be there, and when I read of such things I am tempted to wish for a revival of the old Mosaic code—"Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot." You, a rich landowner, escape from retributive Justice with a £5 note. And what care you? It was only a dog!

John Bull.

To Mr. Will Thorne, M.P.

My Dear Thorne,—I am glad that upon your motion the Labour Conference at Bristol, while recording their opposition to the Military Service Bill, declined to sanction an agitation for its repeal. This was the wise and patriotic course — and, indeed, the only decision compatible with the maintenance of "national unity." Your own speech was a model of good sense and sound reasoning, worthy alike of the topic and the occasion. The memory of your present devotion to the national cause will be cherished by your countrymen when other prominent names are forgotten—or remembered only with contempt.

John Bull.

TAKING COVER!

(After the well-known picture by Lawson Wood.)

POLICE POTATIONS.

SCANDALOUS LICENSING PROCEEDINGS AT HUDDERSFIELD.

In their efforts to procure convictions under the various Liquor Control Orders, the police, in some districts, have travelled leagues beyond the path of duty, descending sometimes to tactics of the meanest kind. A particularly bad case of this sort is reported from Huddersfield, where Peter Rawnsley, of the Royal Hotel, Birchencliffe, was lately summoned for failing to close his premises during prohibited hours, eight customers being at the same time charged with "aiding and abetting" him in this unlawful purpose. Ultimately, the complaint against the publican was dismissed upon a technical point, but the case was chiefly remarkable for the admissions of two police-officers, who had been sent to the hotel with express instructions to endeavour to entrap the landlord into a breach of the law. Giving evidence upon oath, Police-constable Chadwick stated that he and Police-constable Marshall, both in plain clothes, arrived at the hotel half-an-hour before the regular closing time. It was their intention to wait there till nine o'clock, "to see if anything wrong took place," and in the meantime they did their best to establish friendly relations with customers in the bar. A game of dominoes "for beer" was proposed, and in this unlawful recreation both officers actively joined, freely treating their companions to liquor. After closing time, more beer was called for, and in cross-examination P.C. Chadwick cheerfully admitted that "about three-quarters of the drinks were sold to the police," he himself having consumed two bottles of beer and three concoctions of beer and lemonade. Warmed into geniality, doubtless by the lemonade, the worthy officer seems to have insisted on buying a drink for a woman selling lavender who had entered the bar, although to his experienced eye she was already "fresh." Asked if he considered it "a proper thing to cajole the landlord into supplying her with drink," P.C. Chadwick declined to answer, but "admitted it was done." Upon most of these points, the candid statements of the witness were confirmed by P.C. Marshall, who seems, however, to have been somewhat less energetic in the business, his comparative inaction being perhaps due to the fact that in the course of a forty minutes' stay at the hotel he had, upon his own admission, consumed two quarts of beer, which, as the defending solicitor remarked, was "not bad going"—even, we may add, for a policeman on "special duty." The facts as reported constitute a scathing indictment of the methods of the Huddersfield Police.

THE DANGER OF ALIEN MARRIAGES.

Despite our frequent warnings to English girls, many of them still do not seem to realise the danger of marrying foreigners. Mothers might well bring to their notice the very "human document" which is published in this week's issue of *Everywoman's Weekly* under the title of "Why I Left My German Husband." The most tragic passage refers to the upbringing of the child of the writer, an Englishwoman. As the wife of a German, she soon found that she counted for nothing with men, and very little with women; but though she had reconciled herself to this, she could not stand the terrible shock of discovering that the child belonged to her only until he was five years of age, when he would be sent to school and taught to treat his mother's wishes and opinions with contempt!

MORE AIR INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

During the last week we have paid to Mr. F. Gosfell and Mr. G. Twyman, both of Dover, their claims for damage arising out of the recent aeroplane raids upon that historic town. This raises to 285 the number of civilian sufferers whose losses have thus been compensated. Any reader who has not taken the precaution of covering himself against war risks should, without delay, fill up the coupon on page ii. of cover.

"ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY."

THE FINE ART OF THE GLOBE FINE ART COMPANY.

"England, Home and Beauty" are not dear for sixpence, and at that price a picture embodying those three desirable things was offered in an advertisement by the Globe Fine Art Co., 185, Fleet Street, E.C.—a concern whose methods we have already criticised. A soldier sent his money and got his picture, and he was induced to pay ninepence for another work of art and to order four more from the catalogue. Two-and-ninepence was the sum he forwarded, but he was obliged to write in protest, for he received no pictures. Then came a postcard, stating "all applications for pictures have been attended to up to date, and we hope you have received your order in the interval of writing. In the event of the pictures not reaching you within the next few days, further inquiries should be accompanied with the titles." There are two handwritings on the card, and it looks as though it were not the only one of the kind sent out.

Our reader waited a day or two, and then, dissatisfied, wrote to cancel his order and for his money to be returned. His request was totally ignored, and he then—being, like a good soldier, a sticker—communicated his intention, if he got no reply, to lay the case before us. That brought a letter saying, "We are unable to trace the order and application for pictures to which you refer. . . . We do not see how we could possibly overlook the receipt of your order if the letter came to this address. If you should hear of anything in connection with the matter, we shall be glad if you will communicate with us."

It is rather a cool letter, that. It endeavours to shelve all responsibility upon the Post Office—"if the letter came to this address." And exceptionally quaint is that desire to learn "if you should hear of anything in connection with the matter." All our reader desires to hear is something from the Globe Fine Art Co. regarding that little matter of 2s. 9d. sent by him to them, and it is up to them to fulfil their share of the contract.

"PRINTERS' PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Weekly Telegraph" (Sheffield):—
"Russian poetry is full of the BEAUTY of the winter, and 'Red Frost, the RED NOSE' is chief hero of it all."

"Illustrated Sunday Herald" (heading):—
"No MILK for German GUNS."

"Referee":—
"It is an unfortunate trait of our race that you have to kill an Englishman BEFORE you can rouse him from slumber."

"Hull Daily Mail" (advertisement):—
"Witton. Home for respectable man; good bedroom to self; OR TWO YOUNG LADIES TO SHARE."

"Rangoon Gazette":—
"The filly was purchased by the Hon. Mr. Lim Chin Tsong. It is understood that the PURCHASER, if the animal yields to treatment, WILL BE USED AS A BROOD MARE."

"Rochdale Times":—
"She sang and danced with rare accomplishment, and NO audiences will certainly welcome her return at an early date."

Messrs. Frisby, Dyke & Co., Liverpool (advertisement):—
"We have now a Large Stock of White Crochet and Embroidery Cottons in all Sizes. This is the High-class French Cotton we have been UNABLE to get."

'The 'Marvel'":—
"His sailor's clothes he did up in a bundle, and tossed, WEIGHTED WITH HEAVY STONES, into the Thames at night, and let them FLOAT away."

"Wexford People" (heading):—
"Negiectful Mother. Drank ALL BUT THE BEDSTEAD."

If you would write aright, write with a "John Bull" Pen.

He's out to make a record, and his style is just O.K.,
And if he's asked to name his favourite smoke he'll surely say—
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

Chairman Juniors are Chairman Cigarettes made smaller that they may be sold at 3d. for 10. There are no silk pictures or coupons with them—just the utmost value that can be given in quality cigarettes. In every respect but size they are Chairman Cigarettes—the name is their guarantee. They are the same blend of tobacco, same flavour, same cool smoke, same excellence of manufacture and the best value for a smoker who wants smoking value and not pictures.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

We have during the week helped numerous cases of the usual character, repetition of the details of which, we fear, must have become monotonous to our readers. We have buried the dead, given assistance to soldiers' wives who are in distress owing to contingencies that have arisen since the days of Eve, and helped families which are plunged into destitution owing to the bread-winner having broken down under the strain of training and been fired into the gutter.

The position of such a man is, as a rule, hard in the extreme. His troubles are, of course, greatly aggravated when he has a starving wife and family. In very many cases the unfortunate fellow is unable immediately to work, and, consequently, has not the wherewithal to fight the wolf of want. The British public, with their characteristic charity, subscribed several million pounds to the Prince of Wales' Fund, which is supposed to be devoted to relieve the distress of those who suffer through the war. But when such men apply for a dole, they are turned empty away—because, forsooth, they were not at the front! In the cases of distressed wives and children of men who are serving, when application is made for help—even for the purpose of burial fees—the same result ensues. When money *is* granted, it is demanded back as soon as it is known that the recipient has come into possession of a few shillings, and if the "advance" is not refunded the unfortunate people are threatened with the County Court.

We yield to none in our admiration of many of the lady visitors of the Fund who inquire into the cases put forward; but there is a class of well-fed and pompous females who, when they go to investigate, endeavour to make the soldier's wife feel that she is an outcast. They suggest that a portion of the home should be sold up, consider that pictures and cheap ornaments purchased before the soldier enlisted are useless luxuries and should therefore be dispensed with, and act generally in such a way that the distressed woman regrets having ever made application for help. Of course, it goes without saying that claims must be properly verified, as there are some despicable individuals who would like to dip their dishonest fingers into money intended even for so sacred a cause. This we know from our own experience. But having regard to the circumstances already mentioned, it might not be amiss if we suggested that the name of the Prince of Wales should be removed from the title of the Fund. His Royal Highness is naturally a gentleman, and it is incongruous that his name should be attached to a scheme in the carrying out of which gentlemanliness and courtesy do not often occur. Even allowing a liberal discount from the complaints which we receive, the cachet of the heir to the British Throne should not be given to this fund. Many of those who are refused come to us, and find that the moneys cheerfully contributed by the friends of JOHN BULL are immediately devoted to the relief of every genuine case placed before us. At the end of the war we shall have no surplus; we should like to know *now* what will be done with the millions placed to the credit of the Prince of Wales' Fund. Sums granted for relief must be paid back, therefore when the war is over there will be a huge balance in hand.

When the Union Jack Club was started we believed in it, and we concede that no man in the Empire has a greater wish for the welfare of our soldiers and sailors than has Col. Sir Edward Ward, who has officially standing to his credit the statement that he is the "greatest Supply Officer since the days of Moses." Naturally, a mixed crowd visit the Club, many of them being men who simply hire a bed. It happens once in a while that soldiers and bluejackets come to us with a story that, whilst sleeping at the place, they have been relieved of all their money. Last week a splendid young fellow, who has spent the last twelve months on a torpedo boat in the North Sea, told us a remarkable tale of woe. It appears that, while sleeping in the billiard-room of the Club, with about 80 others, he was relieved of £38, money which he had saved. As thefts appear to be so common on the premises, we suggest that the Managers should keep the lights up in the dormitories and pay for a man for each room to look after the crooks.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Collected on board s.s. *Queen Maud* (per T. H.), £10 13s.; T. W. H., £2; L. B. B., 7s. 6d.; "Phyllis and Jimmy," 5s.; "An English Soldier," 5 francs; "Haslemere," 1s.; Mrs. G. M., 2s. 6d.; Lieut. H. H. S., 2s. 5d.; "A Sailor's Wife," 3s.; "Home Work," 5s.; J. R. R. C., 1s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 5s. 6d.; "Hornsey," 1s.; M. McB., 1s.; "Monifietti," 9d.; M. B., 5s.; R. F., 1s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Lass," 2s. 6d.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; W. A. C. C., 5s.; W. B., 1s.; M. J., 2s. 6d.; "Justice," 1s.; "A Widow," 1s.; J. E. R. (Keighley), £1; W. C., 2s.; "A Lover of Justice," 1s.; J. M. A., 1s.; S. F., 1s.; C. W., 1s. 6d.; E. E., 2s.; "One of the Boys," 2s.; "Fidele" (Cherbourg), 2s. 6d.; W. D., 1s.; "Regrets," 5s.; M. C., 6d.; "Solicitor," 2s.; G. A. W., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; "Searchlight," 2s.; Mrs. M. M. P., parcel; "Collected on board H.M.S. *Prince George* on Xmas Day" (per J. W. S.), £2 15s.; J. T. C. (U.S.A.), £1; Collected on board s.s. *Nam-Sang* (per C. W. F.), £4 2s. 11d.; E. S., £2; L.-Corpl. F. W., £1; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; Cpl. R. A. F., 1s. 6d.; A. S., 1s.; G. O. B. (Rangoon), £2; "Armlet," 5s. 6d.; "Thankful," 2s.; "Olive Branch," 1s.; "Le Rire," 5s.; A. G., 1s.; S. H. L., 6d.; W. T. (Britstown), 10s.; A. M. (Johannesburg), 10s.; F. B., 2s. 6d.; A. W. A., 5s.; Sergt.-Major S., 5s.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; "Galstonian," 2s. 6d.; R. D., 1s.; J. K., 1s. 7d.; M. L., 1s.; J. T., 1s. 6d.; W. E. B., 7s.; "Tom Johnson, Pernambuco" (per W. L.), £5; "One of the Victims," 1s.; "A Taxi Driver," 6s.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; A. W., 1s.; W. J. H., 1s.; Anon., 2s.; W. C. (Hong Kong), £3; s.s. *Unio* (per J. M.), 14s. 5d.; E. H., 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

Mr. F. Cox, the winner of the first prize in our 170th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. H. Selinger, 175b, Highbury New Park, 4s. 6d.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 2s. 9d.; Mr. G. Taylor, "Duke of Edinburgh," Newington Green, 2s. 6d.; Mr. C. McCarthy, Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs and Co., Covent Garden, 12s. 6d.; Mr. S. W. Spratt, 99, Richmond Road, Ilford, 5s. 5d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, c.o. Taylow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 4s. 9½d.; Mr. A. E. Mackay, "City of Canton," 2, Upper North Street, Poplar, 8.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Charlie Carpenter, "Britannia," 87, Commercial Street, 3s. 7½d.; Mr. J. Mella, "Silver Trumpet," 472, Commercial Road, 3s. 0d.; Mr. E. Edwards, "Aberfeldy," Poplar, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. M. Purcell, "Kings Arms," 357, Cable Street, Stepney, 2s. 9½d.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 8s. 6d.; Mr. P. Bicker, 256, Walworth Road, 2s. 11d.

SALTBURN-BY-SEA.—Mr. W. C. C. Taylor, 25, Milton Street, 4s.

BURNLEY.—Mr. Hartley Dyson, 49, Rectory Road, 4s. 1d.

ALDERSHOT.—Mr. C. A. Wigley, 111, High Street, 5s. 3d.

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LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. Mr. H. G. Wells, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; Sir Gilbert Parker, the spokesman of Greater Britain, tells of "The Rally of the Empire"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains "How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War"; Mr. A. G. Hales, the brilliant Australian war correspondent, contributes many vivid pen pictures from the battlefields; and other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant Allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms. Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!

We have often read about the pay "arrangements," ruling until recently for the Turkishtroops; they were usually left without money until they mutinied, and then they got a few piastres to keep them quiet. Their naval comrades were better off, as they could steal portions of the ships' engines and other fittings, which they sold at old-junk shops. Hence, until the Germans took all these matters in hand, when the Turkish warships were ordered out they were, as a rule, unable to get up steam. Our men in Egypt may have to resist the Turks and their German allies a little later on, and this possibly accounts for the fact that, in the matter of pay, some of the units out there are being treated as were the Ottoman troops. One battalion, for instance, left Marseilles and got no money during the voyage. For nearly a month after landing they were kept penniless, but then came the glad day when they were paid three shillings each—a sum equal to the price of a single Christian drink in Cairo, where the heat and dust create an outrageous thirst. The Commanding Officer of this battalion appears to believe in severe punishments, and we can well believe that he curses the day when the triangle and the cat-o'-nine-tails were abolished. His men have had only one uniform served out, which has to do duty on all occasions; and yet when the regiment parades the men are supposed to turn out as neatly dressed as when Tommy Atkins was given smart clothing and plenty of it. Heaven help the man whose uniform advertises the fact that he has had to do hard work! Some little time ago a man lost his cap badge, and for this offence the bad-livered Commanding Officer awarded him seven days' No. 1 Field Punishment—the most awful punishment a soldier can receive—and further ordered him to pay 3s. 6d. for the badge, the official price of which is a fraction under fourpence. If Lord Kitchener wishes further details, he may apply to us.

Grantham Again.

Once more we return to Grantham Camp. A week ago some men arrived there at night after a six-mile tramp, to find that there were no rations ready for them and that everything was in a state of chaos and filth. If the complaint made to us is true—and we have reason to believe it—these men were forgotten and were nobody's children for four days, during which time they were left practically without food. As a responsible person says, they were in a state bordering on cannibalism and fought for what tale of small loaves and fishes came their way. Most of the men have been drawn from the Expeditionary Force, and they compare the paradise of the horrible trenches with the state of things at the Camp. They ask us why they are sent home before the place is ready for them. This question we cannot answer, and can only offer the crumb of comfort that by June or July they will probably get some warmth and the seas of mud will disappear. By that time, too, the little tin gods who look after the feeding of our soldiers may awaken to the fact that rations will be welcomed at Grantham.

Hard-Hearted Tyrants.

Our mail-bag during the past week contained nearly a dozen more letters from soldiers whose relatives had died, but who—though serving at home—could not obtain leave to be beside the death-beds or to attend the funerals, despite proof of the urgency of the cases having been sent to the Commanding Officers and the District Generals. Such callous hard-heartedness is in strong contrast to the promises made by Lord Kitchener and others over a year ago, when recruits were being appealed for. We want to see every fit man in khaki, but we condemn in the strongest way the thousand and one features of Army tyranny which make some of our splendid fellows curse the day when they joined.

What is Heavy Duty?

We should like to have an answer to the above question. Cripples and sick men, the halt, the maimed, and the half-blind are ordered to be placed on light duty—which means anything from picking up waste paper to digging the growing grass from between the cobble stones. Yet we know of camps where the light duty men are paraded at 7.45 a.m. and marched long distances to do the navvy's work of trench-digging, returning dog-tired at any time up to five o'clock in the evening. If this is light labour, we tremble to think what a hard day's work would be.

Joy for the "Widows."

We are assured by a Manchester paper that £20,000 a week is being received by soldiers who have been permanently disabled, and that £15,000 a week is being paid to the "widows" of *the same* men, whilst £420 a week is similarly going to officers, and £4,000 a week to *their* "widows"! The statement must be true, as the paper announces that it was made by the Financial Secretary to the War Office. We congratulate the widows, as they are probably better off than they were when their husbands were "officially" alive.

We Don't Know.

A Tommy, who signs himself "One Lover of Justice to Another," puts the following question to us: "How many boys are paying for their leave passes? How many N.C.O.s are paying for their stripes? How many N.C.O.s' names have not gone farther than the Orderly Room because no gratuities were behind them? How many Commanding Officers leave all their work to their Orderly Room clerks, who act on their own initiative, the C.O.s only adding their signatures—a system that gives great scope for corruption? How many Quartermasters, Sergeant Majors, Pay Sergeants, and Orderly Room heads will object to a thorough overhauling of their banking accounts when peace is proclaimed?" No reliable statistics being available, we give it up; but it is quite possible that when the war is over we shall find many ex-Army men behind the counters of palatial corner pubs—in the status of proprietor.

Tommy's Pocket—And Ours.

Commenting on our remarks about unfair barrack damage charges made against the men of various units, a Captain—we suspect that he is one of the new officers—writes to us asking why we should complain, having regard to the fact that the taxpayers' pocket is saved. If the Captain in question has as much patriotism as military misknowledge, a little reflection will induce him to alter his view. The British taxpayer does not want to have his money saved when the cost spells rank injustice to the not too-well-paid soldier.

Missing.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Lieut. C. G. Rumsey, 3rd Batt., South Wales Borderers; 2nd Lieut. C. P. Waldie, 8th Batt., Royal West Surrey Regt.; Pte. F. Norman, 2109, 8th Queen's; Gunner Godfrey P. Bayley, 67013, 6th Ammunition Column, Indian Expeditionary Force; Pte. T. Stead, 118633, Motor Transport, A.S.C.; Driver A. Wilson, 1816, 2-1 West Lancashire R.F.A., 3rd Battery; Pte. W. Kay, 18109, D Co., 1st Batt. King's Own Scottish Borderers; Pte. T. Connell, 12075, A Co., 6th K.O.S.B.; Pte. P. Russell, 4701, D Co., 2nd Royal Sussex; Pte. J. Jones, 12002, A Co., 9th R.W. Fusrs.; L.-Cpl. F. C. Waite, B Co., 2nd N.F.; Pte. W. Hale, 1256, A Co., 1-3 Monmouthshire Regt.; Company-Sergeant Major H. Mackenzie, 6118, 5th Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. R. Davidson, 7568, D Co., 6th Royal Scots; Pte. G. K. Millard, 7911, B Co., 5th Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry; Sgt. W. Gilbert, 6442, 4th Worcester Regt.; L.-Sgt. M. Owen, 17703, C Co., 1st R.W.F.; Pte. J. O'Neil, 13229, D Co., 2nd R.D. Fusrs.; Pte. H. Miles, 2438, 2nd Co., 1-7 Northumberland Fusrs.; Sapper A. Mills, 48998, 91st Field Co., R.E.; Pte. Martin Welch, 22685, X Co., 4th Worcesters; Pte. R. L. Johnston, 9853, 1-8 Scottish Rifles; Pte. F. Herbert, 15226, C Co. 6th R.S. Fusrs.; Pte. C. Stuart Elliott, 18658, 1st Batt. Yorks and Lancs.; Pte. F. Smith, 22492, 2-1 East Ang. Fld. Amb., R.A.M.C.; Pte. C. W. Wilde, 9989, C. Co., 6th Lincolnshires; Pte. M. Daly, 9705, B Co., 1st Connaught Rangers; Pte. C. W. Carter, 1548, 8th The Buffs, East Kent Regiment.

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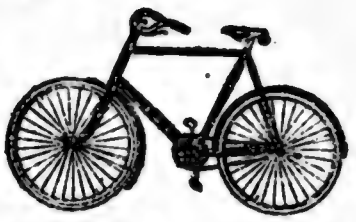

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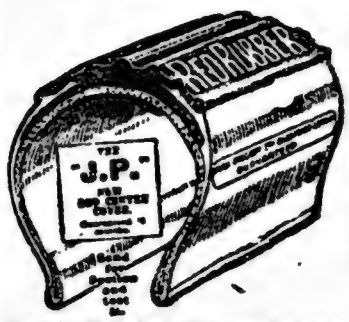

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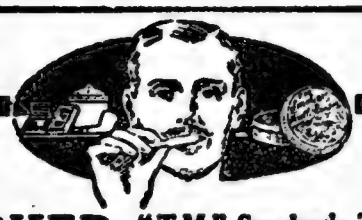

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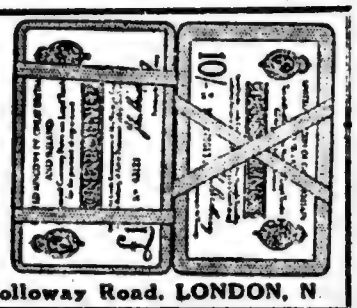

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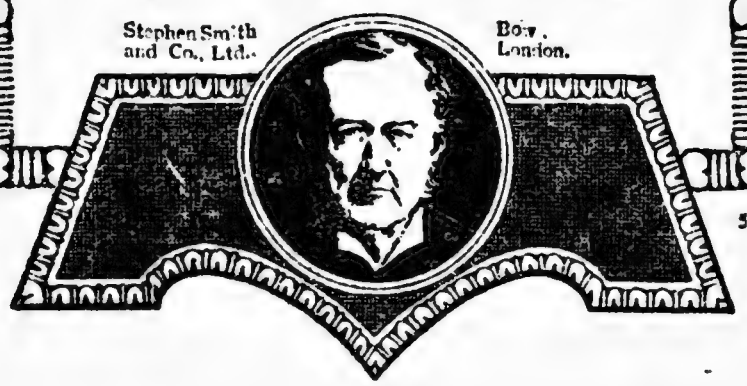

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. WARWICK BROOKES, M.P.

Good arfternoon, sir. . . . *Shavin'?* Yessir. . . . Yessir, things *is* very quiet. Enny'ow, it must 'ave bin a bit lively down Mile End larst week, w'en the bye-election wos on. . . . Oh, it wos, wos it, sir? . . . Oh, you wos there. Ah, I wish I'd 'ad time. I'd er lent Billin's a 'and. . . . *W'y Billin's?* W'y, becos there's somethink outer the ordinery in 'im. 'E ain't a Party 'ack. 'E's got some ideas of 'is own. . . . *Do I call the winnin' candidate a Party 'ack?* Cert'n'y I do. 'E wos prospective candidate fur Newin'ton on a Party ticket before the wore, wosn't 'e? . . . *Carn't call a Coalition candidate a Party 'ack?* W'y not? 'E's in a worse persition then a nordimery Party 'ack, w'en you hink of it. 'E carn't call 'is perlitical soul 'is own. 'E's a slave to both Parties. Both Parties 'elped 'im to git in, so 'e's obligated to both of 'em. 'Ow kin 'e take up a *hindependent* stand on enny question in the 'Ouse? 'E's jest a Coalition pawn, shoved in to keep a non-Party man out. 'Ow'll 'e stand w'en the wore's over, an' the Coalition comes to a nend? If 'e leans towards the Tories, the Rads in 'is constituency 'll arsk 'im wot 'e means, an' remind 'im that 'e wouldn't be w'ere 'e is if it 'adn't bin fur them. If 'e leans towards the Rads, the Tory electers of Mile End 'll be down on 'im fur the same reason. . . . *Same thing applies to all the Coalition members?* Oh, no, it don't, sir. They wos each returned by their own perlitical supporters. None o' them don't owe nothink to the other side. They wos there w'en the wore broke out. They may sink their Party diff'rences w'ile the wore is on, but w'en it's finished they'll be intitled to return to their Party allegiance, if they're fools enough to, an' their electors won't 'ave no grounds to grumble. But wot'll be Brookes's persition w'en the Coalition breaks up? . . . . *Wot about members returned unopposed w'ile the wore is on?* W'y, thet's diff'rent orltogether. Thet's simply one Party standin' aside to let the other Party's candidate go in, to save a contest. That ain't the same as Rads an' Tories both votin' for the same Party 'ack to keep a *hindependent* candidate out. . . . *You objeck to the term Party 'ack?* Well, let's call 'im a Coalition 'ack, then. Thet's wot 'e is jest now, I grawnt yer. 'E's pledged to serport orl the Coalition Guv'ment may do. Orl 'e's expected to do is to sit still, like a goo' boy, an' say nuthink to disturb the 'armony of the prerceedin's. 'Avin' bin elected by both Parties on a understandin', 'e's muzzled. Thet's w'y 'e *wos* serported by both Parties. The Guv'ment don't want no awkward questions arsked. Thet's w'y they didn't wanter see Pemberton-Billin's in the 'Ouse. But I fancy they will—sooner or later. The Guv'ment's scared o' men like 'im, wot ain't afraid to speak an' know their subjeck. Orl they want is docile 'acks, like Brookes, so they send their big pots down to Mile End to put Brookes in an' keep Billin's out. Wot a game! You see my point, sir? . . . . Oh, you don't. Very good, sir. It ain't nachrell you would. . . . Pay in the shop, *Mister Brookes*, if you please. . . . . Yes, I know 'oo you are, sir. Reckernize yer from the pickshers. Ha, ha! . . . .

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for January 29th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 137,964 and A361,116. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

My last week's remark that the Dicker horses were coming into form and should be worth following was justified at Lingfield on Friday, when Bunch o' Keys and Bouton Rouge both won. Menlo, however, was a great disappointment on Saturday, but he will yet do his consistent backers a good turn. Curvet, too, ran well, and now seems to be putting more heart into his work than was the case last season. An ideal Spring day made the proceedings at Lingfield on Saturday very enjoyable, though backers had one or two set-backs, notably when Puyfondu "came it" at the last hurdle in the opening race. I was not grumbling at the mix up, however, as wire clients were all on If It, who won at 10 to 1 after half those odds had been accepted.

Windsor will be the call this week-end and there, on the first day, THE NAB should win the Curfew Hurdle. BOUTON ROUGE must have a big chance in the River Steeplechase and SCREAMER looks best for the Bracknell Hurdle, whilst if it is decided to slip MENLO in the Friday Hurdle I should look no further for the winner. On Saturday I like WARBINE for the Staines Hurdle; IF IT for the Bridge Maiden Hurdle; DUKE OF TIPPERARY for the Saturday Selling Hurdle and COUVREFEU II. for the Royal Steeplechase.

Wires will be despatched for each day at Windsor. One day, 5s.; two days, 8s. Please order early to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The *Special*, published on Thursday, will deal specially with the meeting. Please send your orders to our publishers, Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 17.

Five readers sent in coupons showing only two mistakes, and divide the £100 prize, each receiving £20:—

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J. ARMOUR, "Rising Sun," 89, North End, Croydon.

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The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. MABEL FOSTER, 5, Long Bank, South Shields. January 8th. 373,818.

R. C. SMITH, 130, Woodbourne Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield. January 15th. 398,745.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 29th:—

000261	246529	529161	774381	A068782
034789	278399	542126	823942	A099354
055416	293611	560435	854059	A139201
073100	314527	582487	870531	A187934
094632	352160	599395	887654	A235721
124739	386542	609014	904547	A278913
152851	398715	637316	963715	A280114
175651	426138	680543	987238	A333356
180546	453585	735437	A026130	A362210
201127	497116	752513	A054998	A360165

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published February 9th).

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"A PATRIOT" (Paddington, W.).—"Can we win the war in spite of the Government?" That is the only way we can win it.

BARON DE S.-D. (Paris) informs us that the French Catholic Bishops have never opposed the performance of military duty by their priests, but have rather encouraged them to it from the pulpit and by circular letters. That is an example our Protestant Bishops well might follow.

"SCOTCH" (Keith).—If you are correct in saying there is enough whisky in the country to last five years, the distilleries might well close down for the duration of the war, and the barley be used instead for food. At the same time, this would release a large number of men for military service.

J. W. M. (Norwich).—Germany was before the war, and still is, the second greatest naval power in the world.

Mrs. E. W. (London, S.E.).—The vile, traitorous verses, "The Hero's Call," signed by T. H. Ferris, and issued by the Brotherhood Church, Manley View, Beeston, Leeds, deserve to be burned by the common hangman, and the writer with them.

C. F. R. H. (West Kent Yeomanry).—Time to attend to "universal humanity" when we have done our best for British, Belgian and Serbian humanity. Charity begins at home, you know. Your letter does not convince us that you would be capable of filling the exalted position of spiritual leader to the nation.

W. S. B. (Penzance), referring to the Danish "agreement," asks: "Are our Ministers wilfully blind or blasted fools, which?" Something of both, we should say.

"PUZZLED" (West Bromwich) asks "Why young boys 18, 19 years of age should go and fight to defend the homes of men of 35." Would "Puzzled" consider it more just for men of 35 to 39 and fight to defend lads of 18 and 19, and would any lad of spirit accept the sacrifice?

"NON-READER NOW" (Bloomsbury) asks: "How many hours a day do you require to drink beer in? Would 24 be enough?" Ample. As a matter of fact, one would be more than enough. But we prefer to choose our own hour, not an hour fixed by Lord D'Abernon and Mr. Tea Leaf Jones.

J. E. S. (Islington).—What a pitiful pessimist you are! You forget we have already captured practically all Germany's most valuable colonies. As for our being "nearly bankrupt" after the war, that is absurd. Up to the present we have not touched our capital. Smile, damn you, smile!

W. T. B. (Manchester).—The pity we feel for teetotalers arises from the fact that in most instances their heads or their stomachs are weak, necessitating their abstinence.

H. P. (Middlesbrough).—The scholar who, in reply to your question, said Horatio Bottomley was the Archbishop of Canterbury, must have been pulling your pedagogic leg, the scamp.

"A LIFE-LONG TORY" (Hendon) suggests that Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher should "clear the House of Commons, bag and baggage; not forgetting to lock the door and pocket the key." Meanwhile, the House is adjourned.

"PHIZ" (Old Trafford).—"Is there any means short of a General Election of getting the muddlers out of it?" No; and even if there were you might only get the old muddlers out to get new muddlers in.

J. F. (Bilston).—It certainly can be said in praise of the Nonconformists that they have placed no impediment in the way of their ministers enlisting. But that does not disprove the fact that there are some Chadbands and Stigginses amongst English dissenters.

"LANCASTRIAN" (Sydney).—Delighted to hear from you. All is going well over here. We have not yet received the extract from your local *Truth*. No doubt it will come along.

"JOE" (Kensington).—Do we think a Germhun should be let out of an internment camp to work in a Pimlico bakery? We don't; he might poison the dough.

T. E. (Walthamstow) and many OTHERS agree with us that the words "Ich Dien" beneath the Prince of Wales's feathers should now be changed into the vernacular. Carried *nem. con.*

J. W. H. (Semilong), *re* Compulsion, says his body is his own, and if he cannot do as *he* likes with it he will take "damned care" the Government shan't do as they like with it. He does not seem to realise that the Government is very strong in the arm.

J. S. (Sunderland).—"A brother in Brooklyn wants to know who is the Germhun at the Foreign Office preventing our Fleet from doing its job." We haven't heard.

J. M. (Catford).—The scandal of arsenals, munitions factories, and Government offices being used by politicians and well-placed officials as hiding-places for fit friends and relatives of military age needed exposing. It will get exposed some more before we are through.

S. R. (Wavertree).—"Now about our absurd blockade it is time we woke up." Quite right. If we don't wake up we can't expect to make 'em sit up.

"CAROLINE" (Brighton) wants us to "do something desperate to prevent stuff going into Germhuny to prolong our agony." What would you like us to do? Seize the Premiership and form another Government by main force?

"MEDICO" (London).—Yes, we saw the statement of the *Medical Times* "that 'some genius' has invented the term 'industrial fatigue' to take the place of 'run down' in medical certificates." But why not say "work fag," and have done with it?

L. T. M. (Sparkhill).—"Men's places must be temporarily filled by women, but do let us preserve the men's jobs by paying women proper salaries." As you say, we say.

W. R. J. (Gainsboro').—It is obviously difficult for us to tell who is right and who is wrong in local Labour disputes.

PRIVATE D. L. (Lichfield).—See above. Your heart may be all right and your facts all wrong.

F. W. N. (Lee).—The Admiralty and War Office explain that the frequent and widespread night flashes are due to emphasis given to tramway sparks in damp weather, and we have no other evidence. A code of spy signalling on such a large scale would soon be picked up.

J. McC. (Southampton).—No use throwing stones at the Government in these days for not providing head mistresses of public elementary schools with more generous retiring pensions.

J. K. A. (Bradford).—Yes, the Anti-Rent-Raising Bill is now an Act of Parliament.

B. H. J. (Portobello).—We rather wish the Huns *would* attempt to invade us by way of a tunnel cut from beyond Calais. We should feel almost sorry for the first one to emerge. His appearance would be greeted with Hun-mitigated pleasure by the local Terriers and Kitchener's and Derby's boys in training.

"MRS. MONA" (Banbury).—Your recipe for disposing of the Kaiser is excellent. But—we must first catch the [censored].

"A DEAF MUTE" (Birmingham).—We should not like to say God will never forgive the Kaiser for his atrocious wickedness. That is a matter between the Kaiser and God. However, we feel under no obligation to forgive him.

M. B. E. D. (Henley-on-Thames) declares that certain "skunks of British birth are doing their utmost to help the Huns." We know. And a nice packet of trouble they are laying up for themselves, thank God!

"AL. JONES," obviously a treacherous Hun who ought to be interned, if not shot, writes: "How long will it last that there will not be any more Englishmen on the earth? Hoch the Kaiser, *the* FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND." The future King of Hell, more likely.

"ONE OF THE MUNITION WORKERS."—You are right. New words of fearful import *would* need to be coined to express but faintly our abhorrence of the foul and ghastly crimes committed by the Huns in this war.

The Kaiser does not write with a "John Bull" Pen.

F. C. (London, W.).—We agree that the Berlin-Constantinople railway, now in the hands of the Huns, should be continually bombarded by the Allies' aeroplanes. This would nullify the principal advantage gained by Germany through Bulgaria's defection from the Allies' cause.

J. C. J. (Green Lanes, N.).—Don't see why you should employ the English-born son of an Austrian if you can find a Briton to do the work.

J. M. (Gee Cross) tells us of firms in Manchester who deducted the 2s. 9d. attestation money from their employees' wages, because they consider the money was earned in the firm's time. Could meanness farther go?

"ESPERANCE" (Bolton).—The Government now say that there are plenty of doctors for the Army, and enough for the public. That does not alter our conviction that the General Medical Council might give a second chance to some medical men removed from the Register for purely technical offences.

"CONSTANT READER."—*Of course* we meant it when we said "We must wipe out the Germans." Do we think such a thing possible? The easiest thing in the world, now that we have really started.

"COMRA AM BYTH" (B.E.F., France).—The English language will serve you well enough on the West Coast of Africa. A little Portuguese would help you further. The native jargon is soon picked up. The humid, tropical climate tries the strongest constitutions.

"TOUT-DE-SUITE" (B.E.F., France) wants to know whether Noah had a pair of flies in the ark. We should say not. We understand that he provided a passage to Mount Ararat only for such creatures as were in danger of drowning. When the flies were not resting on the roof of the ark they were probably tickling the face of the waters.

"NANCY" (London, W.C.) writes: "You are a Darling, and I love you more every time I read 'J.B.'" Oh, Nancy!

"ENGINEER" (Neath).—"If the conscripts receive better treatment than the volunteers as regards exemption, it will be grossly unfair." We agree, and hope it will not pan out like that.

L. (West Hagley).—A minister of the Gospel, who keeps at home several strong and sturdy sons of military age, is undeserving of credit in this world or the next.

P. H. (Germiston).—The author of the tract is Wilbur Voliva, successor of the notorious Dowie in the Church of Zion.

"PARISHIONER" (Paddock Wood) alleges that the Rev. Benj Charles, the Vicar, is a "firm upholder of tea-totalism." Surely he does not drink tea at Holy Communion, does he?

"LADY" (Bournemouth).—You are right in having nothing whatever to do with Theo. Wilson's Matrimonial Agency, 9, Warwick Road, Worthing, or any other.

"GERTRUDE" (Romford).—"A Father" wishes us to thank you. He says that the other day at Hull a medical officer passed into the ranks a man with a cork leg.

J. G. G. (London, W.) complains that he has been "prevented from obtaining employment in a capacity useful to the country through the red tape and incapacity of the authorities." The authorities are hereby sternly cautioned.

A. E. (Louth, Lincs.) would like us to wake up his town "as regards recruiting." It will be awakened all right now.

H. H. (Gospel Oak).—"Speaking only the bare word of truth, JOHN BULL has been quite right from the first." We are glad you don't tell fibs.

MRS. J. (near Thetford).—We have no doubt that a great deal of petty pilfering is carried on in respect of parcels sent to soldiers.

H. C. (Holbeck).—Letter and documents so horribly dirty we had to handle them with the tongs. Dare not read 'em for fear of getting spotted fever.

A. M. B. (London, W.C.).—We agree that the practice of certain music-hall attendants throwing wrappers on the stairs, ready to put on the seats immediately the performance is over, is a dangerous one. They are not only obstructive, but are liable to trip people up.

W. H. H. (Plymouth) says *re* female staffing of Postal Telegraphs, that successful competitors proficient in telegraphy have two years' advantage in pay and position.

MRS. J. C. (Dennistoun?), who says she is "a respectable young widow," and in sore need of employment, cannot obtain work through the Labour Exchange or any other source disposing of women's work. It is past our understanding.

SARAH MCG. (Edinburgh) says:—"Your photo is verra guid. You've a naughty twinkle in yer ee." Some folk can always find what they look for.

"QUIT" (Acton).—Cannot decipher your signature, being worse than our own. Don't understand why such engineers cannot find Government jobs.

A. P. (Kettering).—"Inclosed a few cuttings in anticipation of the usual cheque." Consider your anticipations checked.

A. F. B. (Bournemouth).—Don't see much fun or point in the parody of Psalm 23; and if we did we should still regard it as in bad taste.

A. C. W. (London, E.C.) is the possessor of No. 1 of JOHN BULL. He should keep it as an heirloom in the family. In 500 years it will be worth its weight in platinum.

MRS. P. (Oulesy?).—". . . Our M.P.s, what I see of them, are no good to our country." There are exceptions to every £400 a year, madam.

A. B. P. (H.M.S.M.).—"I am enclosing a photo from *Daily Express* which claims to be a British seaplane." What a fibber; you have enclosed nothing whatever.

H. G. M. (Maidstone).—"The almighty Kaiser is now appealing For admission to Satan's high tower; Satan says no, such a devil as you Would soon be wanting all power." You've mislaid the Kaiser's address. He does not live in a high tower, but in a bottomless pit.

"THE LONDON TYPEWRITING BUREAU," of 116-117, Holborn, E.C., ask us to make it clear that they are in no way connected with the "London Typewriting Bureau and Carlton Literary Agency," upon whose offer to typists of work at the rate of 3d. a thousand words we recently commented. This we have pleasure in doing.

G. H. Mc. G. (San Francisco).—You cannot tell us much more about the renegade "Rev." Chas. F. Aked than we know already. The slubber-degullion has earned our supreme disgust.

B. S. (Bedford).—Your verses "In praise of the Soldiers" start well enough, but come an awful cropper after the first few lines.

MISS R. B. would be glad of any information regarding Admiral Brown, the "father" of the Argentine Navy, who, after a very adventurous career, managed to amass a considerable fortune.

A. E. K. (Macclesfield).—Norman Barclay, of Argyll House, Kensington High Street, W., is a saucy varlet who delights in diddling his Majesty's faithful liege. His preposterous letters come in useful for pipe-lights.

MISS A. S. (Kilburn, N.W.).—Until we received yours we thought we had seen the worst poetry it was possible to write.

W. G. (Hamilton).—Your verses have quite a Byronic ring about them. But may we remind you that there is only one "t" in Britannia?

H. C. A. E. (Barbican, E.C.) asks which statesman coined the expression "terminological inexactitude." Winston Churchill said something like it.

W. F. (London).—Persimmon won the Derby in 1896. We believe Lord Kitchener's late post in Egypt is temporarily held.

E. V. (Canonbury).—"Seeing your reward in JOHN BULL for any unnaturalised Germhun working outside the camp . . ." There is something the matter with your eyesight; you have seen what has never been there.

"BRITISHER."—According to the Salonika correspondent of the New York United Press, "the Ally soldiers have been supplied with clubs covered with spikes." We suppose the idea is to make headway against the Germhun defences.

"TEMPERATE" (Stockwell) thinks the well-known proprietary whiskies are now very much rawer and rougher blends. You can thank Mr. Lloyd George's liquor despotism for that.

T. A. S. (London, S.W.).—We are aware that the tartuffian old humbug, Captain Rand, or his agent, is still at his coggery. He has probably finished his term of imprisonment in America by now.

R. F. (Glasgow).—Women's opportunities are endless. If you are really ambitious and want to make a career for yourself, you cannot do better than seek the advice of Miss L. W. Small, who conducts a weekly feature in *Everywoman's Weekly* for this particular purpose.

L. R. S. (Ramsgate).—The last verse of the old song runs: "Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaiming, No blast of misfortune thy strength can disarm; Like thine own native oak the rude tempest disdaining, Old England for ever shall weather the storm."

G. M. (H.M.S.——).—The Universal Stores, 21, Cannon Street, Manchester, is a trick-trading firm who ought to be made to put up their shutters.

"SAPPER" (Huddersfield War Hospital).—"Inquisitive Old Lady, who is a nuisance to the wounded Tommy: 'And what have *you* done in this big war, my man?' Tommy: 'Oh, I've helped Tickler to make a fortune by eating his jam, and that's quite enough for one man, marm.'" Thank goodness you are preserved, anyway.

(*A large number of replies are unavoidably left over.*)

Photos of your children are wanted for "Everywoman's."

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

AT POTSDAM.

The Kaiser: In view of my approaching conquest of England, I wish to make up a list of those Englishmen whose friendly sentiments towards Me and Germany entitle them to exemption from hanging, which, of course, will be Sir Edward Grey's fate immediately I set foot in London. Give me the names. I, he All Highest, command you.

His Chancellor: Well, All Highest, to begin with, I don't see how you can very well hang John Burns.

The Kaiser: Why?

His Chancellor: In 1909, at a dinner to German Labour leaders, he said: "I believe that the prospect of war is receding further and further into the background, and my own view is that we shall never see a great international war in which France, Germany, England, and Russia would be involved." Moreover, he retired from the British Government when war broke out, and voted against the absurd Conscription Act of theirs.

The Kaiser: Ha, ha! Well, we won't hang poor old John Burns. Put him down for an Iron Cross. Next?

His Chancellor: Then there is H. W. Massingham, the Editor of the *Nation*. In 1912 he said: "We are in no danger from Germany. We never have been. We never shall be."

The Kaiser: Ho, ho, ho, ho! Two Iron Crosses for Massingham! Next?

His Chancellor: T. Lough, M.P. for West Islington, should not be overlooked. In 1909 he said no one could point to a single act of unfriendliness on your Majesty's part towards England.

The Kaiser: What? He said that? Put the fool down for the Iron Cross and the Order of the Black Eagle, 3rd class. He forgot my telegram to Kruger. Next?

His Chancellor: J. A. Baker, M.P. for Finsbury, must not be forgotten. In August, 1914, he said he believed we were entering into this war with deep regret, "and certainly on the part of the masses of the German people, with great friendship towards the English."

The Kaiser: You don't mean to say so? What a lot of congenital idiots appear to find their way into the English House of Commons!

His Chancellor: D. M. Mason, M.P. for Coventry, deserves your consideration, All Highest. He has rejected the request of his own constituents that he should resign, and in 1911 he said England had little to fear from Germany.

The Kaiser: That all? H'm. Hardly worth while hanging a poor thing like that. Iron Cross him. Next?

His Chancellor: F. W. Hirst, Editor of the *Economist*, merits your Majesty's condescension. Just before the war broke out he said: "There is no sign that Germany or Austria cherishes any hostile intentions against Great Britain."

The Kaiser: Ha, ha, ho, ho! Don't make me laugh. My throat can't stand it. So the Editor of the *Economist* said that, did he? You would have thought a man of his knowledge would have——. Oh, well, note him for the Iron Cross. Any more?

His Chancellor: Dozens, All Highest. There is C. P. Trevelyan, M.P. for Elland, who in 1909 said: "We need not regard Germany's Dreadnought programme as directed against this country."

The Kaiser: Trevelyan has done his best for us, no doubt. An Iron Cross and the Order of the Limburg Cheese, 4th class, should satisfy him. Proceed.

His Chancellor: A. Rowntree, M.P. for York, must not be forgotten, All Highest. Immediately on the outbreak of war he said: "Do not let us forget that when we go to war with Germany we go to war against a people who, after all, hold largely the ideals which we hold."

The Kaiser: Never! Did he really insult his own country to that extent? Order a double-weight Iron Cross for him. No more; my throat troubles me.

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, February 12th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bolton will beat Burnley you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Burnley will beat Bolton then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, February 11. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

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HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bolton W	v.	Burnley
			Oldham A.	v.	Stockport C.
			outhport C.	v.	Liverpool
			Blackpool	v.	Bury
			Rochdale	v.	Manchester U.
			Grimsby	v.	Bradford
			Notts C.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Notts F.
			Leicester F.	v.	Barnsley
			Reading	v.	Luton
			Clapton O.	v.	Fulham
			Millwall	v.	West Ham U.
			Brentford	v	Arsenal
			Airdrieonians	v.	Motherwell
			Falkirk	v.	Queen's Park
			Greenock Morton	v.	Hamilton A.
			Hearts	v.	Rangers
			Ayr United	v.	Aberdeen

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

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No. 20 Closing date, Friday, February 11th.

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PARTICULARS FREE. *Est. 110 years.*

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 8/6 Childre 's 7/6. Sou'-westers, 16. long Leggings 2/9. Guarantee against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art booklet o "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd. 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS

REMNANTS

Make money quickly by selling my Remnants of Prints, Flannelettes Towels, small wares, Hosiery, Overalls, Blouses, &c. My 10/- and 15/- Blouse length parcel sell quickly at big profits. Price List and advice free.

HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. J.B.). **50, Newton Street, Manchester.** (Old English Firm.)

TEETH

COMPLETE SETS **15/-**

"APPEARANCE."

The keynote of an attractive appearance is, of course, the teeth. No one can look their best with broken, decayed, or disfigured teeth. If you yourself desire perfect teeth and a hundred per cent. better appearance, you cannot do yourself a better service than by going to Williams'. Here you have the advantage of the highest skilled dentistry at fees that are a revelation of cheapness.

	s.	d.
Teeth Painlessly Extracted	1	0
Teeth ,, ,, (with gas)	2	0
Decayed Teeth Stopped	2	0
Single Artificial Tooth	2	0
Complete Set of Artificial Teeth	15	0
Gold Filling	10	6

GOLD CROWNS EQUALLY CHEAP.
BRIDGE & BAR WORK A SPECIALITY.

There is no waiting. Advice is given free. Repairs are executed while you wait. Go to whichever of the Williams' Surgeries is nearest to you, or if unable to call, drop a postcard for free booklet. "Perfect Teeth," which will be sent post free.

18 & 20, Oxford St., London, W.
(Next door to Oxford Music Hall)
141, Newington Causeway, S.E.
293, Gray's Inn Rd., King's Cross.

Williams TEETH Co., Ltd.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT.
TEETH FITTED IN 4 HOURS.

BRONCHITIS COUGHS

Veno's Cured when nothing else could even Relieve.

"I wouldn't be without Veno's in the house for worlds," says Mrs. Fletcher, of 69, Dumfries Street, Treorchy, South Wales.

"One of my children caught a bad bronchitis-cough that troubled her very much. I tried all sorts of things for her, and also had medical advice, but nothing relieved the poor little girl. I had been reading about Veno's, so I thought I might as well give it a trial, seeing that all else had failed. I did so, and it quite surprised me by the quick relief it brought to the child. She seemed easier almost from the first dose, and soon was completely cured.

"Since then I have used Veno's for all my children. They have all weak chests, and Veno's saves them from troubles I feel sure they would otherwise have. As soon as I hear any of them begin to cough I just bring down the bottle of Veno's, give them some, and they are soon well again. I have taken it myself for coughs and colds, and it does me ever so much good. In my opinion it should be in every home in the country. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever found, and I shall always recommend it."

The Fletcher Family, Treorchy.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for
COUGHS AND COLDS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, LUNG TROUBLES,
11½d. a bottle.
CHILDREN'S COUGHS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, BAD BREATHING.
Larger Sizes 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- Size is the most economical
Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India
Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes

WINNERS WANTED WEEKLY!

FOR OVER 5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER £1,000 in PRIZES to be WON this WEEK.

☛ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of two extra coupons, which are to be found on the page opposite.**

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(175) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 175," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(175) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 176. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **176** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 176, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 176.

GERMANY'S NEED	NICE AND WARM	PRETTY CLOSE	A LONG SPOON
THE MAIN OBJECT	DAMAGING ADMISSION	NOT SO BAD	SINGLE BLESSEDNESS
NEVER PAYS	KEEPING HER PLACE	WHEN SOLD	APPEALS TO FATHER
WHEN ON DUTY	WORKING MODEL	LOOKING FOR HUSBAND	ON THE QUIET
PEACE CRANKS	A FALSE NOTE	TAKING FRIGHT	LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 175.

WHEN CALLED UP
EXPECTING A RAID
LEADING MAN
MAKES KAISER ILL
HOOKING IT
A SMALL ADVANCE
ATTRACTS ATTENTION
TAKING HIS PLACE
IN PRINT
SHORT AND SWEET
FOOLISH HABIT
I OBJECT TO
ESCAPES NOTICE
HAVING IT OUT
TELLING ANOTHER
MOST PLEASANT WHEN
MINDING THE BABY
COMMON SIGHT
AGREES WITH FATHER
NOBODY LIKES
CLEARING THE AIR
GIVEN AWAY
A REGULAR SMASHER
LATEST INVENTION
A BAD EGG
MODEL WIFE
A FAIR COP
KNOWING DOG
EMBRACES A LOT
MEETING BILL

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

Example:—
LATEST INVENTION
Bullet—
SOON APPEARS AS NEWS.

Example:—
MODEL WIFE.
Bullet:—
ON SATURDAY USUALLY.

Example:—
GIVEN AWAY.
Bullet:—
NO ARMLET

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 26th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated February 5th.

RESULT OF 172ND BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. V. CRAWFORD,
The Square, Warrenpoint,
Co. Down, Ireland.

Example:—FEEDING THE GERMANS.
Bullet:—WISH MY LANDLADY WAS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Miss SIBYL FORRESTER,
142, St. Clair Street,
Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland.

Example:—PLAYING THE DEVIL.
Bullet:—"RAINY DAYS" WITH "HOARDINGS."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. H. CURWEN DALE, 188, Rolleston Drive, Nottingham:
PARLIAMENT'S TASK—
STIFFENING "BACKS"—STRENGTHENING "FRONTS."
Mrs. A. M. PACKARD, Over Hall, Shotley, Ipswich:
CAN'T DO WITHOUT—SLEEP—TO BE "AWAKE."
Mrs. W. YARD, 12, Abingdon Street, Burnham, Somerset:
BREAKING THE RECORD—TAKINGS—WHEN SELLING BUSINESS.
Miss A. L. PEARSON, Iona Craig, Nantygamar Rd., Llandudno:
CERTAINLY NOT—DO "MEN" NEED COMPULSION?
Mr. H. CHANT, Sherborne Road, Henstridge, Blandford:
MAKES WIFE HAPPY—KISS SHE DOESN'T EXPECT.
Miss TAGGART, 10, Holywood Road, Belfast:
MAKES WIFE HAPPY—"HIS WORSHIP" SOMETIMES.
Mr. G. H. PINSON, 12, Corporation Street, Wednesbury:
SPOONING—STOPS WHEN "STRANGER" COMES.
Mr. H. T. NASH, c.o. L. Leblique, 20, Brookfield Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool:
A FINE TIME—TILL CREDITORS NOTICED IT.
Mr. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, 250, King Street, Aberdeen:
SPOONING—FATHER "WON'T HEAR OF."
Mr. L. BURGESS, 12, King Stephen Road, Colchester, Essex:
THE BEST POLICY—IS "AGITATING" THE GOVERNMENT.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. T. CHAPMAN, 276, High Street, Dunstable, Beds.:
HARD WORK—MANY DISCOVER "SUBSTITUTE" FOR.
Mr. J. JEFFREY, 13, Barry Street, Londonderry, Ireland:
CERTAINLY NOT—"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."
Mr. H. ESHELBY, Park View, Park Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea:
A RUDE SHOCK—JURY'S "FINDING" MEANT "KEEPING."
Mrs. F. LEWIS, 4, Mount Pleasant, Dalmally Road, Croydon, London, S.E.:
A RUDE SHOCK—SAW "STARS" BY DAYLIGHT.
Mr. HENRY W. CONNELLY, Sandside, Kirkby-in-Furness, near Barrow-in-Furness:
CAN'T DO WITHOUT—MOON IN COON SONG.
Mr. F. WHEELDON, 56, Hermitage Road, Whitwick, Leicestershire:
THE BEST POLICY—"BACKING" HORSES BETWEEN SHAFTS.
Mr. WM. M. CLARK, 11, Dalmeny Street, Leith:
PRETTY HOUSEMAID—"LOOKS" FOR A PLACE.
Mr. EDWARD MERRICK, 47, Hamilton Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.:
TAKES AFTER FATHER—MORE "SEPARATION" THAN "ALLOWANCE."
Mr. B. J. COWELL, 13, Muriel Place, Norwich:
LOOKING UGLY—IF DENTIST CLOSES WINDOWS
Mr. E. M. HARRISS, 1, Gambier Terrace Garth, Bangor, N. Wales:
A RUDE SHOCK—SHE BROUGHT HER BROTHER.

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each:—

ALLAN, GEO., 8, South Street Bainsford, Falkirk.
ASHOP, W. J., Main Street, Farnsfield, Notts.
ANDERSON, M., 35, Airlie Gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow.
ATTS, W., 38, Inverine Road, Charlton.
AUCHMAN, J., 116, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh.
AUSTIN, W. J. (K.E.B.), G.P.O., E.C.
BAMPER, SAM c.o H. Mitchell, 22, Haley Hill, Halifax.
BAXTER, D. 27, Hood Street Accrington.
BEARD, A. E. 23 Hatfield Road, Gloucester.
BECK, F. C. 60, Maldon Road, Colchester.
BELL, [illegible] Northside Terrace Bradford.
BOSKILL, J., 561, Alexandra Park Rd., N.
BREWIS, J. T., 14, Edward St., Gateshead.
BROWN, C., Floral Farm, St. Clements, Jersey.
BROWN, W., 73, Nortoc ste Street, South Shields.
BULLOCK, A. E., Fosset Cottage, Plumpstill, near Mitcheldean, Glos.
CAPPELL, G. (Mrs.), 127, York Drive, Glasgow.
CHAPMAN, E. (Mrs.), 103, King's Cross Road, W.C.
CHARTERS, J., 27, Westbourne Grove, West Kirby, Cheshire.
CLAYTON, F. W., 40, Normanton Street, Sheffield.
CODD, J. C., 3, Chester Grove, Hull.
CRISPIN, W., 70 Hillside Road, South Tottenham, N.
CROSSLEY, J. (Mrs.), 19, Brackenbury Street, Preston.
CULLWICK, E. J., 20, Hornley Fields, Wolverhampton.
DALEY, J., 37 Primrose Road, Burmantofts, Leeds.
DAVIES, W. E., 9, Railway Terrace, Resolven, South Wales.
EVANS, J. (Corp.), D.E., R.G.A., Crosby Battery, Hightown.
FELL, JAMES, 1, Grange Street, Rusholme, Manchester.
FISHER, H., 29, First Avenue, Forest Town, Mansfield.
FISHER, J. (Mrs.), 45, Barnsley Street, Wigan.
FLORENCE, E. (Miss), 26, Woodlands Road, Ilford.
FORBES, J., Setton House, Buckie, N.B.
FRENCH, J. A., 30, Garden Walk, Ashton, Preston.
GAULTON, F., 76, St. Marks Road, Salisbury.
GOYNE, W., Victoria Chambers, Paignton.
GREEN, D. (Miss), 118, Dogfield Street, Cathays, Cardiff.
HADFIELD, A., 11, Humphrey Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.
HARDING, B., Batson, Salcombe, South Devon.
HARRISS, E. M., 1, Gambier Terrace, Garth, Pangor, North Wales.
HELENS, F. W., 13, Mark Street, Cardiff.
HESMOND, R. E., 210, Garston Old Road, Garston, Lancs.
HOGG, T. (Pte.), Eastern Kings, Plymouth.
HOUNSELL, C., "Sunnymead," York Avenue, East Cowes.
HUSAISSON, M. (Mrs.), 8, Comely Green Place, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh.
JAMES, FRANK, 55, Lower Clapton Road, N.E.
JAQUES, H., 59, Seymour Avenue, Plymouth.
JESSOP, A. (Mrs.), 31, Guildford Road, Seven Kings, E.
JESSOP, Jos., 386, Old Kent Road, S.E.
JONES, M., 41, Manchester Road, Denton, Lancs.
JONES, RICHARD, 1, Church Bank, Bolton.
JUDE, WALTER, Arbury Road, Cambridge.
KELLEY, F. J., 112, James Street, Dublin.
KING, H. G., 31, Windsor Street, West Hartlepool.
LEWIS, J., Fairview, Colbren, Neath, South Wales.
LIVINGSTONE, WM., "Blantyre," Salisbury Gardens, Belfast.
LODGE, H. J. (L.-Corpl.), "D" Co., Command Depot, Sutton Coldfield.
LONDON, JOHN, 60, Russell Street, Wishaw, N.B.

WE ARE UNABLE TO PUBLISH A FACSIMILE OF THE CHEQUE FOR £250 AWARDED LAST WEEK, AS IT HAD NOT COME THROUGH OUR BANK AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

175, P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, February 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(175) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 175," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

That Constipation which gives so much trouble when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home is not due to the Liver, but is due to Bowel Indigestion.

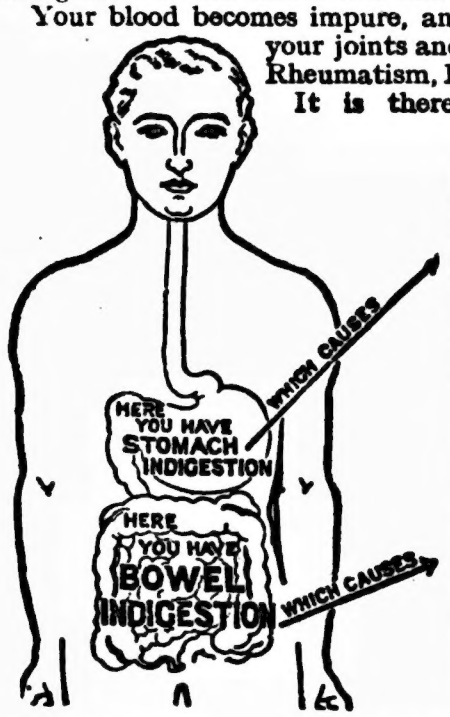
CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE.

READ THE REASON WHY.

YOU HAVE A LIVER. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and, as a consequence, your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel it is formed into little hard dry masses or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms, therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure, and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing Teeth on Edge.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion. Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while **any remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect digestion at every point along the alimentary tract.

Cicfa therefore cures because it ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, contains that perfect combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature requires to ensure this. That's why Cicfa cures.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.

GET CICFA NOW, OR TEST IT

DO YOU KNOW

that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice, which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food, is very acid, and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food, and thus cause Indigestion. These are not simply our ideas, they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and **one penny stamp for postage,** with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE ACIDITY CICFA

The CICFA Co., 5a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

John Bull, 5/2/16

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd., also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.